

LIVE AND BE YOUNG

VANCE THOMPSON

LIVE AND BE YOUNG

Other Books by the Author

WOMAN

CARNIVAL OF DESTINY

DIPLOMATIC MYSTERIES

EAT AND GROW THIN

THE EGO BOOK

FRENCH PORTRAITS

MOUSE-COLOURED ROAD

DRINK

SPINNERS OF LIFE

TAKE IT FROM ME

VERSE: THE NIGHT WATCHMAN
AND OTHER POEMS

LIVE AND BE YOUNG

BY
VANCE THOMPSON



GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1920

BJ1581
.T4

© Cl. A 601531

COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, INCLUDING THAT OF TRANSLATION
INTO FOREIGN LANGUAGES, INCLUDING THE SCANDINAVIAN

NOV 11 1920

TO
DR. CHARLES L. THOMPSON
OF NEW YORK

Bellus homo es, my dear father,
ac festivus—so to whose eternal
youth should I dedicate this
little book, if not to yours? And
the day is the 18th of August,
1920, precisely eighty-one years
after you came into this world
to make it better—and younger.

V. T.

Rome, 1920

Nemo nisi a seipso læditur

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE BEGINNING OF THE BOOK . . .	xi
CHAPTER	
I. YOUTH	3
II. REALLY YOUNG PEOPLE . . .	14
III. THE ENEMIES OF YOUTH . .	29
IV. THE ELIXIR OF YOUTH . . .	45
V. PHYSICAL YOUTH	56
VI. EMOTIONAL AND MENTAL YOUTH	77
VII. CLASSIFICATIONS OF CHARACTER .	98
VIII. TYPES OF HUMANITY	120
IX. APPLYING THE RULES—HOW TO LIVE AND BE YOUNG	139

THE BEGINNING OF THE BOOK

THIS is not a preface—it is where the book begins.

And it is a book for normal people—with normal bodies and normal ideas——

It is frank and practical as a railway guide for its purpose is to show you how to travel a definite road and arrive at a definite goal. What it is to do for you is to show you how to live and be young—to carry youthfulness on with you as you traverse the years.

A normal thing; there is nothing miraculous about it; many people discovered it in the past—perhaps by chance or perhaps because they had an instinct for doing the right thing. To-day, thanks to science, we know where we are.

We can check the disintegration which

THE BEGINNING OF THE BOOK

is old age because we have ascertained precisely what it is.

Therefore in showing you how to live and be young I need not, at any moment, part company with scientific facts and the common sense of science.

That is clear, is it not?

I do not mean that I can waft you back to childhood or adolescence. You wouldn't want to go back there anyway; no sane person would. A child is a digestive tube—you wouldn't want to revert to that; and an adolescent is a lung—you wouldn't really care to howl and gallop with adolescence; but that the normal woman can carry her youthfulness with her as she goes her way in life is as certain as the sun; the normal woman and the normal man——

So there you are.

What modern science and the old commonsense can give you is a practical way of getting the best out of life, while at

THE BEGINNING OF THE BOOK

the same time you maintain a static condition of youthfulness.

One word more:

Humanity falls apart into certain groups; it is made up of various types which I have set down in this book. Now according to the type to which you belong will be the kind of life that will keep the youth-giving vibrations at their proper pitch.

Of just what your type is you should be the best judge—if not, you may know someone who has thought it worth while to study your character—at all events, you will find it in this book.

VANCE THOMPSON.



LIVE AND BE YOUNG

LIVE AND BE YOUNG

CHAPTER I

YOUTH

THERE is nothing so splendid as youth; there is nothing else worth while——

The fox who lost his tail (in the fable) tried to make a bare rump fashionable, but not for a moment did he succeed in fooling the happy foxes whose red brushes were still waving astern. Even so there has been a great deal of writing and preaching, by people who have lost their youth, about the dignity and beauty of age, but have the writers and preachers convinced any one? Have they convinced you or me or themselves that there is anything better than youth?

Old age is not dignified. King Lear, if you please, was tragic, but he was anything but dignified. Indeed the reason you are sorry for King Lear is because he is old—ridiculous. He put on old age like a garment and strutted round in it until he was ridiculous in the eyes of his daughters and everyone else—except a professional fool. And the tragedy of King Lear is the tragedy of being, professionally, old.

Why be old?

Especially when, in addition to being unpleasant, it makes one absurd.

Occasionally, often, you meet someone made up for the part of an old man: he wears a long black coat and a long gray beard—because he thinks they make him look like a prophet; and whether you see him on the bench or in the pulpit, or spoiling the landscape, the best you have for him is a little pity and the smile that comes in spite of you. If you are honest

with yourself you will have to admit that old things—the motorcar that makes an avowal of its age, the old shoe, and the *rose fanée*—impress you as being both sad and absurd.

And the point of all this is plain as a pike-staff: Instinctively you recognize that old things are not normal—there is something grotesque and freakish about them. They are unnatural. They are out of harmony. They should not be.

Now what is old age?

In a word, it is fatigue.

Old age is physical fatigue and emotional fatigue and mental fatigue, that is why it is—like everything else that is monstrously out of proportion—ridiculous. The “One-hoss Shay” was never ridiculous; it carried on in a well-balanced condition of youthfulness until the final smash-up; and all it needed at any time in its career was paint and polish to keep it in the smart set. It carried on—al-

6 LIVE AND BE YOUNG

together, that historic shay; it was proportionate. And the same thing is true of man or woman.

A fatigued brain in a young-going body means discord—and the madhouse. Kittenish emotions in a fatigued body—well, you know what they are; the old girl with babyish ways; all of which is ghastly because it is abnormal. You must have proportion; and if you insist on being old, for heaven's sake see to it that your mind and your emotions are just as tired as your body is.

I am going to tell you about this fatigue which is old age—this fatigue which shakes the human shay to pieces—and tell you, withal, how you can live and be young in spite of it, if you will follow the rules of the game; but here, for a moment, I hope you will pause—your finger in the book—and think of your friends and acquaintances. (They deserve it, anyway!)

Some of them, as you notice, are old; some of them—by a sort of victorious instinct for doing the right thing—seem to have carried youth along with them through the years. It is curious.

You may have motored through the Berkshires and stopped at a farmhouse. And you saw the farmer's wife. She came and stood in the doorway. And she was old. No matter how many years were on her head she was old. Fatigue lay on her body like the washed-out calico of her dress. An atrophied mind looked through her tired eyes. And her emotions, thwarted and repressed, were shelled over with apathy. She was old. She was a caricature of a woman—at once pathetic and absurd.

I want you to get at the cause of it.

What has done it?

Isolation.

The physical body has been exercised in doing the things—deadly monotonous

things—in which there was no pleasure and, therefore, no benefit.

Mark this: The only exercise that does the body any good is the exercise that is good fun.

You may tramp the fields precisely as far as you would go in playing eighteen holes of golf, but it won't do you any good if you are going on an errand.

The farmer is crumpled up physically while the golfer steps jauntily on through the years. Work, no matter what the moralists say, has no element of pleasure in it, for the very reason that it has to be done—it is enforced. The shepherdess in the plains of Brie is not getting any fun out of her dreary business—she withers and is old; but when Marie Antoinette played at being a shepherdess she got all the joy and vigour and helpfulness of life out of it. Anything is good if you play at it; and to play at being a farmer's wife, even in New England, is a delight-

ful adventure—but it's another thing to be one!

For her the years pass; they are a melancholy cohort of years, without change; in sheer desperation she rolls herself up in the fatigue of old age. What brain she began with rusts; and that splendid emotional body—which is in woman the storehouse of youthfulness—is starved; it is starved for music and kisses and laughter and angers and jealousies and triumph.

(You can hardly expect a New England farmer's wife to get an emotional riot out of loving the New England farmer who is her husband; or out of the sham music of a mail-order gramophone.)

Isolation.

She is thrown back on herself. Beauty goes, because beauty is nothing but the maintenance of harmony between the physical, emotional, and mental elements of the human animal. (All young things

10 LIVE AND BE YOUNG

are beautiful, because their parts are in harmony.)

So from the woman you are looking at beauty departs; fatigue, which is old age, descends upon her. The physical body may carry on for years, but it is running on one cylinder—a thing of tragedy and laughter.

She is ageless this woman, but old, old, old. . . .

You have seen her in the isolation of the Western ranch, even as you have seen her on the naked hills of New England. She is a symbol of old age. She is a symbol of fatigue. She is a symbol of discord—physical, emotional, mental.

Now: I would say and you should hear—

Everything that has happened to her is precisely what must not happen to you if you wish to live and be young.

Go to the village; I mean the pleasant

little town you can walk through in half an hour or so; anywhere——

Did you ever go back to your small town?

It is a history almost universal. The man who has gone out into the world—up to London or down to New York—returns to his village. Lo, the village has shrunk to a wretched hamlet. The boys with whom he played in youth—his contemporaries—are rusty old men, while he, the wayfarer, is young and erect, filled with lustihood and the on-going tide of life. And for the woman returning to the home of her youth it is a thing even more tragic. Her contemporaries are old, old, old. . . .

And she?

She stares, wonderingly, into her mirror, expecting to see the wrinkles and devastations of age that mark the faces of her one-time playmates; youthfulness and the love of life laugh back at her from

her mirror; then the real philosophy of the situation comes to her.

“Life is what one makes it,” she says, “and so is age!”

And smiling, she discovers that she can (without disquietude) put up with old age—in others.

The woman of the little town; upon her lies a little of that tragic, rural agefulness of the hillwoman—not all of it; you could never mistake her for the woman of the lonely farm. And here is the point: in that village or in that small town isolation is relative; there is already a society—there is, at least in germ, a smart set, with its milliners and dressmakers, its games and debts and aspirations, its rivalries and emotional riots; at least in germ, a smart set.

And the smart set is the very matrix of youthfulness.

The further away you get from the loneliness of farm or ranch—the further

away you get from the relative isolation of the village or small town—the nearer you get to the source and fountain (*fons et origo*) of youthfulness. And it is clear, is it not, that if you want to get a thing the place to get it is where that thing is.

Then we might as well get one difficulty out of the way at once—here—
or on the next page——

CHAPTER II

REALLY YOUNG PEOPLE

WHEN you repeat the statement that the smart set is the matrix of youthfulness, someone, somewhere, is bound to talk about “climbers” and “snobs.” These epithets are always ready to the hand of the slack-living, uncouth man, who is more comfortable in bad society than he is in good society—and he loves to throw them about. You know that man? He stands out in the commonness and indecency of the street, as you go up to knock at the door of a smart house, and shouts: “Snob!”

Sometimes it is a woman—debarred by bad manners, or selfish poverty, or bony morals, from entering the society of really smart people—and she, too, makes

a noise in the street and sneers at "climbers." You know that woman. The trouble is she gets the ear of a lot of foolish folk who have never thought about the matter and they go about like green parrots, repeating that it is a shocking thing to be a "climber."

Moreover: The woman who is not a social climber is a disgrace to her family and to her husband (if the poor creature has one), a burden and a clog. I could convince you in a few moments that it is her duty, as an unselfish woman, to climb. It is her duty to climb that she may give little brother a leg-up in the world. It is her duty to climb that she may enlarge her husband's social opportunities. That is true; and an unselfish woman would need no other motive; but I do not wish to harp on the string of unselfishness—most women have too much of it——

The woman owes it to herself to be a

16 LIVE AND BE YOUNG

social climber; she owes it to herself to reach a social position better than that to which she was born. And make no mistake; no one is born at the top, for the top is not a stationary point—always the social world is in a state of flux and reflux.

Very well; climb—don't be afraid of being called a snob. Be one. Don't be afraid of the epithets of envious outsiders. Don't be fooled by cant. The best is none too good for you. Whether it is in the country or the village or the city the men and women you want to know are the best—those who are getting the best out of life—those who have beautiful homes and social influence—those who play games and make an art of pleasant things—in a word, those who are smart. Don't be fooled by cant. Don't be fooled by all this cheap talk about the beauty of plain living. Poverty, especially when it is honest, is disgusting.

It is tragic, I admit, but only a lunatic or an Indiana novelist would dream of praising it. You may admire the irrational valour of poor people, but you don't want any of it in yours. It is all sheer hypocrisy—all this maudlin talk poured out in order to make poor people contented with poverty. Don't be fooled by it. Get rich—climb——

The man or woman who is willing to be anything but top-dog is an effigy of sloth, selfishness, and dry-rot.

To climb means energy; it means unselfishness—for you must carry others with you.

See how it works when you reverse it.

Now and then a girl in the smart set, bred for a dainty, enjoyable, joy-giving life among nice people, runs away and marries the chauffeur. She drops to his manners. She keys herself to his coarse life. Does she find happiness? She does not find happiness, unless she is the kind

of a girl who should have been born in a garage, fed in a kitchen, and bedded in an attic. And the young man of that set who runs violently out of doors and marries a slum-girl, because she says she loves humanity, isn't going to find happiness, for——

No one finds happiness by climbing down.

It is all very pretty in a play or in a book, I daresay. I don't know.

I once read a book by Maurice Hewlett in which a lady stooped out of her class and married a butcher's boy; it gave me a nephretic colic. But even if climbing down may pass muster in a book of fiction, it does not work well in real life. In real life it is the deuce and all.

You laugh at the wine-agent who cranes himself up into good society?

All right; but I know I should have wept tears of anguish had I seen him climb down and be a mere beer-agent. Of

course he is a snob; but what of it? If one isn't born among nice people isn't it better to climb up among them than it is to sit outside in the indecency of the street and envy them? You know perfectly well (when you are honest with yourself) that you prefer to travel in the *cabin-de-luxe* and not in the steerage. And in the social world it is all relative. There is a *cabin-de-luxe* in Cleveland society just as there is in that of Paris.

And here we come hard upon the point I would drive home. It is not for the good of your soul that I've been urging you to pay no heed to the canting hypocrites who bleat about social snobbery; I have a deeper motive in trying to persuade you to recognize the sanity and beauty of smart living, for it is in the smart set—more than anywhere else—that you find the people who are carrying youthfulness with them. Defiantly they are refusing to be old.

They are living and being young.

Often, I admit, they are doing it by accident. Their youthfulness is due to a lucky hazard. They do not quite know how they have so victoriously maintained it. It is my purpose in this book, as you know, to demonstrate how you may methodically and with malice aforethought go on living and being young, but the fact that in the smart set there is a larger measure of youthfulness than anywhere else should set you thinking, should it not?

If you want a thing go where it is easiest to be had. Don't go hunting orchids in Canada. If you want youth you must climb for it.

Why put up with second-rate society and second-rate clothes and second-rate emotions and second-rate friends?

It is axiomatic: The woman who does not climb socially is a failure and deserves to fall lower than her birthright—

to fall and grow old among the ill considered, disillusioned, the crabbed daughters of envy. I warn you once more that the envious moralists, who have failed to get anything out of life, are going to call you a snob. Don't heed them. Avaricious old men are going to preach the sacred beauties of poverty. Indiana novelists are going to beg you on their knees to elope with the chauffeur. Maurice Hewlett will offer you the butcher's boy. Let them talk on. Don't be poor; in order to live and be young you must have money, for it is a ladder to climb by. Do not be afraid of other people's money. Rich people are, nine times out of ten, pleasanter, kindlier, better bred, and less selfish than poor folk—they can afford to be; and they are more enjoyable playmates and steadier friends. And do not listen to the canting praise of slumdon simplicity and poverty—out of which men are too slackly selfish to pull them-

selves and their families. When the slackers call you "snob," tilt your nose in the air—and climb.

(What you are climbing for, dear woman, is youth—as you shall see, if you read on. And why not? You won't find anything better to read.)

Now relatively, in greater or less degree, there is not a group of human beings, aggregated on the planet, which has not its smart set. And this smart set is not based wholly on wealth or on birth. Every village has its best people. They may not be the ones you think they are. If they are old looking and frowsy, if they have wasted their fund of youthfulness in getting such negligible things as excess of honours or wealth, they are not the best people. They have been mastered by greed and selfishness. They gave themselves too much and paid for it in coin of youth. They probably keep urging you to look at their moral beauty and

civic renown. As a matter of fact, they have made a selfish mess of their lives. (God help the woman who is married to one of these creatures who squats on a heap of money and feeds himself with honours; his daughter is the one who marries the gas-fitter's assistant.) They are not the best people. They are not even nice. Really nice people do not barter away youth and pleasure and happiness.

No, the people you want to know in your town—you can recognize them from afar—are playing together. The smart set plays. And, dear woman, the essence of youth is play. The secret of youthfulness is a game.

That is one truism. Another is that no one, except a maniac, can play alone.

(The woman or man who plays "patience" is burning incense to old age.)

The farmer's wife in New England (whereof something has been written) if

she plays at all has to play alone, or with a hen or a child; therefore is she crusted over with age, while her happier sister, with village opportunities for playing with other human beings, keeps a measure of youth. Thus, even in a small community, so long as there is in it the germ of a smart set, youthfulness need not perish. It is, of course, easier in a large community where there are ampler opportunities for keeping the body young by playing with play-loving people, for giving the emotions the kind of food they need, whether it be love or laughter, music or rivalry, and for exercising the mind by keeping in touch with all that is blithest and newest and most agile in the world of thought.

(New things; if you drive an old motor-car, wear old clothes, sing old songs, read the faded fiction of other days, you are getting old, old, old. . . .)

It is a plain fact that the youth-keep-

ing people are neither of the farm nor of the small town. If now and then you find them there they are accidental—like the two-headed calf. Statistics demonstrate (and your own observation is confirmatory) that the immense majority of those who know how to live and be young—to live long and be young—belong to the smart sets of the great capitols of the world. They swing through the seasons, from the ballroom to the mountains, from the hunting field to the sea. There is a time when they are in Paris or New York; there is as inevitable a time when they are in Nice or at Palm Beach or San Diego or Algiers; they dip their bodies in the sea or bathe their tired emotions in music; but what they do you know.

Now it is evident that not everyone can swing through the seasons in this pleasant way. There wouldn't be room in the social merry-go-round for all of us

who have decided to live and be young through the years. And yet in some way we must do the same thing—or an equivalent thing that will pay us in the same coin. So what we have to do is to find the law that underlies this pleasant manner of living and explains why these people have discovered—to some extent—the art of preserving youth.

Why is it the farmer's wife is old at thirty? And Lady Smartington young at sixty or seventy? The answer is that they have lived different lives; and our interest is in that life of Lady Smartington, which made, inadvertently, for youthfulness. I do not claim that her life is especially beautiful or notably noble. Perhaps it is; and again it may not be. That is not the point. What is true is that she has discovered part of the law—not all of it—that underlies the maintenance of youthfulness.

There is then a distinct and certain law

underlying the seemingly lawless lives of the smart set?

Unquestionably.

And this law once it is clearly understood may be followed—not in the haphazard way Lady Smartington follows it—but in a precise and scientific manner, which will successfully maintain the condition of youth, not only in those who foregather in London or at Monte Carlo but for those who dwell in the small communities or even on the farm of which you have read.

The smart set way is empiric. It depends upon chance and luck. It counts as many failures as successes, because these people are doing blindly, in a sort of instinctive way, what you and I and Marie-Louise may do in the knowing and scientific way that compels success. Only one might as well be honest and give the society devil his due: In that light-going world of society the art of staying

young was first practised with success; and all that is good in this practice we are going to take over and transmute into scientific law.

The smart set is a sort of Benjamin Franklin; it flew a kite and by a queer kind of luck pulled down the electricity of youth.

And that was a beginning—an amazing beginning; but in these days of Marconi the kite of Franklin is *vieux jeu* and you and I know the etheric waves of youthfulness do not travel best on a kite string—they obey laws vast as the universe.

You do not mind reading on, do you?

For in some way you must understand the laws of youthfulness if you are to carry it with you through the long, kind years.

CHAPTER III

THE ENEMIES OF YOUTH

THEY used to tell us: A man is as old as his muscles—which was absurdity; then they picked up the parrot-phrase: “A man is as old as his arteries”—in which there was even less plausibility.

What is true is that Youth is the Will-to-Live and the measure of youth is precisely the measure of your will to be alive.

Muscles and arteries and every bouncing atom of the body are always subordinate to the vital force that governs them. There are old men of twenty; there are young men of eighty—and how far a woman may carry her youth with her not even Ninon de l'Enclos has determined. (The grandson of one of her

earlier lovers met her in the years, fell in love with her eternal beauty—died of it.)

The will to live——

You may think of the Will-to-Live as the charioteer of the vital forces, who can drive them as fast as he will or on the other hand as far as he will. Now and again science, lifting its eyes from the material dust, gets a vision of the larger truth. A few months ago Doctor Eugene Fisk of the New York Life Extension Institute said that in a little while science would be able to make us live two thousand years. He explained this affirmation by saying that youth was not a function of time—he was right—but a physical state, and that science could prevent the wearing out of the organism and preserve an almost eternal youth.

There may be a touch of exaggeration in Doctor Fisk's theory.

When the scientist at last begins to

react against the heavy accumulation of errors his predecessors have left him as a legacy he is often tempted into extravagance of statement. The errors of the past weigh heavy on us all. We accept half-truths because they are old—musty lies because they have a venerable look.

There is one lie which has done more harm than all others. It is the hoary old lie which has come croaking down the ages, proclaiming that the years of man are three-score or three-score and ten; and because it came with quasi-religious credentials it stamped itself deep in human credulity. Life refutes it—again and again and in a thousand places——

The old lie croaking but victorious goes on its way; and the average man, who hears it repeated day and night, believes it.

When he is sixty he says to himself: “Here, this will never do—I ought to

be dead," and if, in spite of himself, he staggers on to seventy he feels he has cheated destiny and dies of shame at the distressing thought. Killed by the lie. And so the generations go shuffling to the grave, victims of an illusion which only of late have a few bold scientists dared to confront. The present life of man is out of all proportion to his organism, if you make a comparison between him and the other living beings on the planet. His logical measure of life is about one hundred and fifty years, granted only that he had the will to live it. Three active agents work ceaselessly to pull him down and toss him into his grave. One is his foolish way of living; another is the implacable suggestion that at a certain date he ought to be dead; and the third is that the Will-to-Live breaks and falls to pieces.

For the moment you and I are concerned in knowing what youth is; and in

order to know it we must look closely at its enemies—these dark agents that pull it down.

Man has been so impressed with the suggestion that he ought to stop living at sixty or seventy that only a few exceptional individuals react against it; and when old Parr, for instance, lives pleasantly along until he is one hundred and fifty his amazed contemporaries look upon him as a "freak" and shame him out of life. And even to-day the same attitude is maintained toward the thousands of centenarians living in Europe and in the Americas. They are stared at as prodigies. They are hated as exceptions, by the huge majority of mankind, victim, as it is, of the illusion that it is only decent to die at three-score and ten. When that good man Mr. Shell of Kentucky at one hundred and twenty-five years of age took to himself a wife the victims of the death-illusion cackled with

laughter. Why? Mr. Shell was a "freak," he had not yielded to the illusion. Now as a blunt matter of fact Mr. Shell was a normal man, living and being young. Do you think the mob—which has doomed itself to die in order to fulfil a quasi-religious delusion—will let him live his youth out in peace?

They will shame him into the grave before he is one hundred and fifty.

Even Mr. Shell's son disapproved Mr. Shell's bright adventure in love, and his great-grandchildren hung their heads as though some dark disaster had fallen upon the honourable family. And the entire village of Greasy Creek, Kentucky, mourned with them—or laughed and jeered.

Greasy Creek is like the rest of the world.

It is suggestionized by the inane theory that there is something occult and rather indecent about not dying at three-score

and ten. Its science of life has never got beyond the dictum of that mournful Hebrew psalmist of a few thousand years ago.

("And if by reason of great strength" a man carries on until eighty he ought to be knocked on the head—or chloroformed as the physician with the German name advised. There is much folly in the world, *mes enfants*.)

Yes, there is much folly, and the sad part of it is that folly loves to trick itself out in the robes of religion or science or philosophy.

Do you remember how Balzac was killed? Houssaye tells the story.

Balzac was stricken down and his huge body was ill at ease. A physician was called; he shook his serious head.

"What?" asked Balzac, "I am very ill."

Science looked graver still.

"But how long can I live? I have

work to do. A year, two years? Tell me the truth, doctor. Don't take me for a child. I owe something to the public. Tell me."

"How long will it take you to finish the work you have to do?" the doctor asked.

Balzac reflected; then he looked steadily at the doctor and said: "Six months." Science shook its head.

Balzac fell back on his pillow.

"Six weeks then?" he asked, feebly.

And as before science shook its head; the physician having been asked to "tell the truth" was rigorously telling what he thought was the truth—a heroic man.

"What! It is my death-warrant you are pronouncing? I am a dead man? Six days, doctor—I must finish my work—I can do it roughly in outline—the human will can work miracles. Give me six days and on the seventh I shall—rest."

In these few moments Balzac had lost ten years of life. His body was shrinking in on itself. —

“Well?”

“Who can count on even one day?” asked the physician and he added: “If you have something that must be done do it to-day.”

“Six hours!” Balzac cried with horror; he fell back on his bed and the death-agony began; in six hours he was dead—not of disease but of the prediction of science.

Suggestion.

If suggestion is strong enough to kill the individual it becomes infinitely stronger when it is applied to the mass.

You have seen the last decade shattered by mob-suggestion: battles, revolutions, tumult . . . it is upon suggestive hallucinations that expert politicians build their huge campaigns that sweep millions of unprotesting men along the same current of public opinion.

38 LIVE AND BE YOUNG

Once an idea gets into the public mind it goes on repeating itself, becoming stronger by each repetition.

The idea that man should die at three-score or three-score and ten has opened like an abyss on the road of life. There it lies, monstrous, not to be passed, and humanity, shuddering, throws itself into the abyss.

First, then, mankind has a false conception of life—that there is a definite age limit.

Second, it has a false conception of death—that yonder, at the further edge of the half century, death waits in ambush.

And these two conceptions—lies in essence—have poisoned and paralyzed the generations of mankind and robbed them of more than half their years upon this planet. Look round among your friends. When that dark, predicted sixty years begins to approach men and women enter a cloud of fear; they begin to create

an atmosphere of the grave; they let go; they begin to turn inward on themselves; and their thoughts race ahead of them toward the abyss. Modern scientists—even the popularizers of modern science—will tell you that the normal human machine is built to run one hundred and fifty years. The laws governing the duration of life are tolerably well known. Buffon's theory was that the period of growth is the measuring rod for the duration of life. The animal of every species takes a certain definite time to attain its normal growth; and from this growth-period one can calculate the length of life to which it is entitled. Buffon fixed the duration of life at about seven times the period of growth. Thus the horse, becoming adult at four years of age, should live for from twenty-five to thirty years; the deer matures between five and six and should live to be thirty-five or forty-five years old.

Now man goes on growing until he is twenty years old, at which time the growth of the bony structure ceases.

I submit a simple problem in mathematics: seven times twenty equals one hundred and forty.

Or this way: $7 \times 20 = 140$.

And there you are.

The age of one hundred and forty is in no way incompatible with the constitution of the human body; and though in each generation few attain that age there are instances enough to confirm the theory. (Last year in Rome Count Greppi, senator and diplomat, celebrated his one hundredth birthday by giving a *thé dansant* at the Excelsior; and, with approbation, I watched him dancing with the prettiest woman in the room.)

Leaving aside infant mortality, it is between seventy and seventy-five years that "lethality reaches its culminating

point," as the scientists say in their queer but understandable English.

Why?

Suggestionized by the psalmist.

It is a fact that the greatest number of those who die at this age are still well-preserved physically and mentally. Death is rarely—very rarely—due to senile debility. Mark that! They die of infectious diseases, of pneumonia or tuberculosis or heart-failure or liver complaint—of what you will; but these deaths should be set down to accidental causes, for they are not natural deaths—they are not due to the gradual and natural exhaustion of the vital forces. Then the normal man who dies before he is one hundred and forty years of age dies the victim of an accidental death or has, in one way or another, committed suicide. In one way or another he has broken up his youthfulness and destroyed his Will-to-Live. Accident or suicide.

The scientists will tell you they have never been able to study in man a case of natural death. They assume that it exists, but they have never seen it. Doctor Serge Veronoff, of the College de France, says bluntly: "I do not know that natural physiological death has ever been observed in men, because even those who die in extreme old age, without apparent malady, show, at an autopsy, lesions and alterations of the tissues which prove clearly that death has been caused by lesions, more or less grave, of certain organs. Therefore, if natural death exists—and it is impossible not to admit it—it ought not to be frequent at the age at which it usually takes place."

Men die too soon.

Count Greppi may live out his life—he has made a good start—as old Parr did, dying at one hundred and fifty-two years and nine months, leaving a son who lived for one hundred and twenty-five years.

Few of us will live out our allotted years, and if I were writing a book on longevity I should have more than a little to say of the accidents that snatch us away or the cowardice that makes us lay life down. The only reason I have emphasized the fact that we are cheated out of one half our life-period—the fact that we are born to live one hundred and forty years and do not do it—is this:

Since the period of longevity is one hundred and forty years the period of youth is proportionate.

It is not at seventy you should abandon youth, or at ninety, or at one hundred, if you are a normal man. Just as longevity can be determined for each animal species, so can that animal's proportion of normal youthfulness be fixed. The deer is out of his immaturity (roughly speaking) at six; at thirty-five he admits his reign of youth is over; gradually he settles into the decadence of age and at

forty-two dies a natural death from senile debility. When the same law is applied to man it is evident that—bar accident—he should not begin to think of senescent decay until he is well over one hundred.

CHAPTER IV

THE ELIXIR OF YOUTH

I HAVE said that youth is the will-to-live; that old age is fatigue; and that the normal life of the human animal should be over twice as long as it is.

Evidently there is something horribly wrong in the way we live. One should go on living and being young to well over a hundred instead of crumpling up with the fatigue of old age halfway along the road. Perhaps the best way to get at the heart of the question is to ask ourselves what are the chief causes of this fatigue that pulls humanity down ere half its course is run. The causes are many and various. I might give you a list that would fill a volume merely in enumeration, but here (and in this book) we are

concerned with only one branch of the subject. The question, as I have said, is not that of longevity. It is a beastly shame that you don't live to be one hundred and forty, but it is not my business here to show you how to do it. This is not a study of longevity. Obscure causes, many of them hereditary, are conspiring to hound you out of life long before your time. In a little while science is going to remove many of these uses. The race will pick itself up. It will learn the art of long life. It will have a term of life in some reasonable proportion to its physical structure. That will come. Longevity, proportionate to the staunchness of the machine, will be the next victorious achievement of science.

Meanwhile, what can you do?

You can live and so preserve youthfulness that you need not drag out a broken, wobbling, and devastated life; you may live and be young up to the moment the

clock strikes twelve. Possibly you may extend your life-limit; beyond a doubt you will—but that will be a by-product of felicity. The chief thing you are to learn here is to get old age—that fatigue that makes for senility—out of your life. In four words (and I know no better words in all the dictionaries) you will learn how to “live and be young.”

I should like to be able to give you the secret of living to the age of old Parr, or of Paul the Hermit, or Saint Narcissus (who stopped living at 169), or Marcus Apponius, or the great surgeon Politiman who lived from 1685 to 1825—precisely one hundred and forty years—or thousands of others who have lived out the true measure of their lives; but the secret is only beginning to be known to the most advanced scientists (like Veronoff) and the famous elixir of youth is not yet discovered—though it will be, authorities state, the next achievement of science.

Already the experiments made on animals promise important results. These experiments have been so numerous, the results have been so constant, that even the sceptics have had to accept the facts.

You may know Doctor Veronoff's experiments.

Senile animals, wretched, tottering on their old legs, feeble, were taken; upon them Doctor Veronoff grafted the interstitial glands of young animals; and the old buck, or the old dog, came back to his youth—he was alert, full of energy, force, courage, strength. These old animals had been picked out by veterinary surgeons; they were pronounced to be hopeless cases—with only a few weeks' life in them. To-day, three years after taking the Veronoff treatment, they are going strong. They are full of vigour. They show no signs of senile decay. They are the goatish or doggish fathers of

young ones. In a word, Doctor Veronoff has discovered in the interstitial gland a marvellous source of vital energy which can restore to a decrepit organism the force of youth. And other scientists are experimenting on other lines to discover the secret of prolonging life. That discovery is knocking at the door. A longer life is due you. And a longer period of youth. For even as we die too soon, so we grow old before our time. You may not live to one hundred and forty but what you can do is to keep erect the youth within you and carry on, like a human being not like a machine.

For mark this:

Youth is not a time-measure.

A few centuries ago—the records are in the fiction of the eighteenth century and of the early nineteenth—the girl who had missed marriage at eighteen was looked at askance; at twenty she was on the shelf. Balzac created an enormous scandal

when he set out to prove in a famous book that a "Woman of Thirty" was capable of loving and being loved.

The woman of our day—those at least of the smart set, where life is sanest—have gained twenty years on that fragile heroine of the last century. They can love and be loved at fifty—live and love and carry on—and be young.

If the old conception were true that at three-score a woman had to be thrown into the abyss like shot rubbish, it would not be unreasonable to aver that at fifty she should be crusted over with age; but that old conception is false—she has still almost one hundred years to her credit. Here is the truth; even if there were such a thing as an age-limit and youthfulness could be measured by the yardstick of time, it is not at three-score that the normal human animal should begin to look for death, but at five-score.

Science is revising age-values.

As I have said it has already pushed the youth-limit for women twenty years ahead of what it was in the last century. And men are being permitted, without reproach, to live and be young longer than they were a few generations ago. Of course men and women alike have to fight against the eternal conspiracy to hustle them into their graves when the three-score "limit" is attained. With kindly astonishment friends and neighbours exclaim: "How well you look!" And the unhappy man (or woman) does not retort: "Why the deuce shouldn't I look well!" He knows, she knows, what was behind that remark was the universal illusion that at three-score he, or she, ought not to look well—he ought (according to the primitive science of the ancient Hebrew) to be dead.

Imbeciles everywhere are always expressing their sympathetic surprise that

three-score man is not doddering toward the tomb.

“Eat all right? Sleep all right? Isn’t that splendid!”

As though it were a miracle.

So the poor man thinks of death and—to please the family and not be a “freak”—takes to his bed and dies; when what he really had in mind was to marry a chorus girl and go to Monte Carlo for the winter.

If you tell a woman, again and again, that she is old—she will shrink up and wither away into old age before your eyes. It is iterated suggestion.

I knew a woman who had not one element of beauty about her except hair and teeth—which she shared with any cat; and the man who had to live with her forever was a lover of beauty; so, not unselfishly, he told her, ceaselessly and systematically, that she was beautiful, until she began to say the same thing to

her mirror and to herself; and to-day she is beautiful—an acknowledged beauty in two continents.

And I think of one of the beautiful women of Paris—an actress of celebrity. Paris was raving over her extraordinary beauty. And, laughing, she said:

“I am the ugliest actress that ever stood on the stage of any theatre. And I know it. I’ve got the eyes of a squirrel and the mouth of a fish and the waist of a wasp and the foot of an ogre. Compare me with any woman you please and you’ll find no one uglier than I am.”

This discovery enchanted her. She dangled it in the eyes of her admirers:

“Mais je suis laide, laide, laide!”

And then she confessed, which was good for her soul and for my instruction—and yours:

“I suffered horribly,” she said, “when I was trying to be beautiful. I was singing at the *Cigale* and I tried my best to

be as beautiful as the other girls. I curled my hair and powdered my face. I spent every penny I had on clothes and gewgaws. And everyone laughed at me. Then one day I woke up and told myself the reason I was not beautiful was because I was trying to make myself over into someone else. Since I was built like a wasp I put on a dress that exaggerated my waspy shape; instead of painting my eyes I left them as they were—little eyes of a squirrel; and since I had the feet of an ogre I put them into flat slippers where they felt at home; and I cropped my silly hair and let it fluff out round my ears in the way it liked best; and when I went on the stage that night—you remember!—Paris hailed me as a beauty. And now, of course, I know I am beautiful.”

And she is.

The suggestion, compelling, universal of Tout-Paris, has made her beautiful.

Do you see?

The suggestion, universal and implacable, of a three-score age-limit is destroying humanity ere half its race on the planet is run; and the equally implacable suggestion that youthfulness should stop at a decent number of years before the age-limit, thus artificially set, has robbed humanity of youth.

That is a fact—a formidable fact.

Now youth is the Will-to-Live.

It is thwarted by idiotic ways of living, many of them imposed upon us by antique and hereditary superstitions; and by that darker superstition (which dates from a far-off barbarous age when even psalmists knew nothing of biophysiology) that youth is dependent upon an artificial age-limit.

Take these two statements:

The normal human animal, dying at three-score or three-score and ten, is committing suicide—or being assassinated.

You are young as your Will-to-Live.

CHAPTER V

PHYSICAL YOUTH

VERY few men know how to live in the present. They live in the past on old memories or they dream about the future. And what almost every man sees in the future is death at seventy. I am not sure I can persuade him, the average man, to rectify his ideas of the future, but I may possibly persuade him to live in the present—not to go digging up the bones of the past; and not to go digging a premature grave for his own bones in the future. He may learn to look upon life as it is and upon himself as a living entity, dynamic and psychic, that needs only to be kept fit in order to make the present a quasi-permanent state.

You are not one man; you are three. You are leading a triple life, as one might say, physical, mental, and emotional, and there are two enemies trying to pull you down and dip you in the tepid waters of old age.

What are these enemies?

First, fatigue of all these personalities that make up your composite body; and second, quarrelsomeness between the three bodies.

Fatigue is old age—fatigue is one enemy of youth; but an equally dangerous enemy of youth is lack of harmony between your physical strength and your strength of mind. For old age has nothing to do with time or your journey through the years. It is nothing more nor less than the sign-manual of your bodily fatigue or your psychic disharmony. Therefore this is not a question of longevity. Living in a state of harmonious non-fatigue is youth. Now a machine

can be worn out by over-use and it can become just as decrepit by under-use; it can be shaken to pieces or it can rust away; each is a condition of old age. It is a commonplace that you have to keep the machine in order—every part of it.

I am going to lay down for you certain rules; and before you begin to examine these rules of the game of youth I want you to stand up for a moment and look at yourself in the tall pier-glass in your bedroom—just as you are when you step out of your bathtub. Look at yourself from head to foot; examine that long white body, with its shadows and hollows, which your father and mother gave you to walk the world in. What you see is the physical body. There is only one rule for keeping that physical body young: movement. There is only one law which the body must obey: the law of movement; but bear in mind that this law is the law of natural and instinctive movement. I

take it that you are a normal man. I take it that you are a normal woman—that your long white body, with its hollows and curves, is that of the normal man or woman of your race. Then for you artificial exercise is always wrong.

Only for *abnormal* people is artificial exercise ever right.

If you have a stiff arm you can limber it up by certain prescribed exercises—educative exercises; but the only exercise that does the normal person any good is that which gives him the greatest amount of pleasure with the least effort. That is, the pleasure should be in the movement itself. If you do not enjoy driving a golf ball—do something else—or nothing. Athletes sacrifice their youth to muscular development—that is the price they pay—they fatigue their muscles, and fatigue is old age.

Do you remember the Olympian games? That monstrous error of Greek

civilization which has poisoned humanity for two thousand years? Greece had a wild theory that there was something admirable in athletic contests—to set its young lads to compete in furious bouts of wrestling or running or leaping; and the world went on following the Greek example of physical competition. It is easy enough to see why we followed that disastrous example; to Greece we are indebted for treasures of intellectual and moral education, and naturally enough when she told us to run round in a circle or wrestle like madmen we thought it was quite the right thing to do. And so the youth of the world has gone on wrecking its muscular development in competitive and professional games which are merely a short cut to physical old age. Your runner in the Olympiads tires out his heart and lungs; they decline into old age. Your professional dancer takes on herself the difficult task of transmuting

musical rhythms into physical rhythms; and her brain-cells weaken and tire—she grows old by psychic fatigue. And this is true of all people who as the saying is “take exercise”—who specialize in certain physical movements. They burn up their fund of youthfulness. Now I have said and I want to say again—for repetition is the soul of truth—that this book is written for you and me and other normal people; and the normal person is neither young nor old—neither struggling out of immaturity nor falling down into decay. You have twenty years for growth; and over a hundred years for your period of normality; then, if you want to, you can begin to prepare for old age. Therefore the one rule for normal people is this:

So far as exercise is concerned do not specialize.

Don't stand up in front of your mirror and play with silly dumb-bells. Don't

pull silly ropes tied to weights in your bathroom. Don't bend your unhappy body fourteen times, tapping your forehead on the rug. Don't lie on your back and kick each leg out thirty-two times. Don't do any of the foolish things that the professors of physical education—who have to make a living at your expense, God help them—tell you to do in their books. (Don't read their books anyway—that way madness lies and old age and other morbid things; read my books and live and be young.)

Don't specialize.

Your body is a biological democracy, made up of a trillion cells, each one of which is dependent upon the collaboration of the others. You can't pet and coddle one group of cells to the detriment of the others without dragging your body down into the discord and fatigue of old age. For instance:

You walk with your muscles; you run

with your lungs; you gallop with your heart; you resist with your stomach; you achieve with your brain.

Now what do you want to do?

Do you want to become an animal that can walk? Then you may specialize in that sort of exercise which will make you a walking animal. If you want to be able to run down a hare or win in the Olympian games you will probably be willing to pay away your lungs and your heart in order to attain this end. And the same with stomach and brain—you may pay them away for exceptional success in any one department of physical renown. But the normal man must preserve every one of these organs in its normal state. He must not walk too far, or run too fast, or eat too much, or be too clever—and perhaps excess of intelligence is the chief peril for the men and women of our generation.

I have asked you what you want to do.

As a matter of fact, I did not need to ask you for I know. You fatigue yourself physically according to your character. It gives you away. A scientific observer looking at your body can tell you just what exercise you take—just what muscles you habitually use; and from his observation he can deduce your economic value to humanity:

“Tell me how you exercise,” he will say, “and I will tell you what you are.”

The reason is plain: exercise of any sort and of any part of the body results in a certain measure of fatigue; and this fatigue is in exact proportion to the nerve potentiality of the man. Do you see the point? The physical movements that a man makes are a clear index of his character. Movement is the man. When you think, always you are thinking about a movement that you are going to make; and when you act—whether you run or lie down—always you have translated

a thought into movement. Therefore bear in mind that your physical exercises are going to react upon the mind and upon the emotions. I have already put a great many don'ts into this chapter; but I want to put one more and an emphatic one:

Don't think that when you are intellectually tired and overworked that you can recuperate by physical activity. Fatigue adds: it never subtracts.

The physical fatigue which results from a game of hand-ball never picks you up from the intellectual fatigue of overwork. On the contrary, it doubles it. You add one fatigue to another and dig for yourself a pit of old age. Therefore, never take physical exercise when you are mentally tired; never play games unless you want to play; never do anything you don't want to do. Remember that after all you are yourself. You are the son of someone, so far as the nervous

system goes. There is a great deal in heredity. One man is born rested just as another is born tired. The lazy man is one who is born hereditarily fatigued. His nervous centres do not react physically or psychically to the stimulation which would be sufficient to make his untired brother leap a hedge. He cannot be expected to carry on through the physical adventures which please the man who was not born lazy. He cannot go on getting perpetual physical excitement out of tennis or golf. His physical nature demands a more poignant and novel excitation. The lazy man, born lazy, cannot go on playing the same game all the time. But you would be surprised to find how active he becomes when you startle him with the novelty of new sports and new adventures. Then he wakes up.

There is another truth which is extremely significant:

A person who makes gestures toward himself is growing old.

Have you ever noticed it? I mean the man who folds his arms. I mean the woman who curls her hands up in her lap. I mean the person who sits in a pulled-in attitude—as though he were trying to draw things into himself. He is old; subconsciously he sees himself compressed in a coffin. The man whose gestures are forthgoing, outward, extensive, is young. He is the master of life. He opens his arms as though he would take in the world—not to mention the girl with yellow hair.

Look for a moment at your friends and acquaintances.

If when they make a gesture away from themselves—an outward movement, a movement of extension—they do it naturally, be very sure that you can trust them. All good men make gestures away from themselves and all good women.

When you see a woman whose gestures are toward herself, run for your life and your pocketbook and your immortal soul.

And how wonderful she is, the woman who throws her hands out. The woman who does not fold her arms. All outward movements are those of joy, of pleasure, of achievement, of the things worth while. The woman who opens her arms is honest and gay and she expresses desire. Outward movements—of extension—are those of courage, faith, victory, honour, pride, liberty, altruism, optimism, health, wealth—they are the splendid gestures of wakefulness, of aliveness, of youth. And see how tragic a thing it is, when a woman throwing youth away, throwing away kindness and courage, folds her hands in upon herself, as one who should say: “I have nothing to give away—youth is gone—and what little I have left I must hug to my withered and selfish breasts.”

All movements where the flexion is

toward one's self are movements of cowardice, of defeat and failure, of avarice, poverty, submission, and age.

Just to-day, before I wrote this page, I saw a living instance of this thing. This page happened to be written in Rome. The Latin mind to-day had leapt toward riot and revolution. In the Piazza Venezia anarchy and order clashed. The police and the King's guards poured down through the old streets into the Piazza where the anarchists and strikers had gathered. It was the Queen's birthday. Over all the buildings in Rome floated the Royal flag and the anarchists halted the tramcars and refused to permit them to run unless they carried the red flag of their revolutionary protest. The soldiers and police charged down upon the hysterical group of revolutionaries and beat them with the flats of their swords—in the way order has. At last the old Roman populace took a hand. It drove

in between revolution and order; and swept the contestants apart. Then a curious thing happened. The populace seemed to incarnate itself in one man. He was typically Roman. He was forty; perhaps he was fifty; he had a large black moustache and a large belly; and he threw out his arms in a gesture wide as the Piazza Venezia; wide as Rome; wide as the Sabine hills; and he shouted: "Oh, stop this nonsense! Let everybody do as they want to. You soldiers take your Royal flag; you anarchists follow your red flag; meanwhile, we'll ride in the tram." And with a gesture ample as liberty, extensive as his fat arms would permit, he took Rome into his confidence. Calmly he climbed into a tramcar, the rest of us who made up the Roman populace followed his example, and the trams began to run. It was not what he said; it was his wide-flung gesture of sanity and courage; and the revolution came to an

end. And coming home in the gray of the evening, when disorder still rioted in other streets, I took refuge in an old church—an old, old church built long ago. It was in the Corso; a dim church, lighted only with candles; and I saw an old woman kneeling. She was drawn in upon herself. Her head was pulled in between her shoulders. Her knees were bent and she was doubled up upon herself in the terrified attitude of an unborn child. Every movement that stirred her old body ran inward; she was as effigy of dolour, submission, prayer. And just as the man who checked the riot was eternal youth, so the woman who prayed was death.

When people assert themselves their gestures are outgoing; and when people submit, cringe, beg, give up, their gestures are ingoing, inclusive, bonded.

No beggar can spread his hands out amply and beg successfully.

Exteriorization is youthfulness—it is persistence, courage, victory.

Interiorization is a confession of defeat and old age—it is begging somebody to be good to you and not go knocking you about the head.

I wonder whether you remember two statues in Paris. One was by Bartholomé. It is his monument *Aux Morts*. His purpose was to represent in marble the maximum of defeat—of death. And what he did was to carve the figure of a woman doubled in upon herself; her head touching her knees in the concentric curve of the foetus. The other one is Rodin's "Spring." His symbol also is a woman. But she urges up in a violent curve which throws out her young body almost into a half circle—her head and her heels like the two ends of a bow of which her young, lithe body, thrown far outward, forms the arc.

Outwardness—extension.

Those figures of victory, of youth, and achievement on the Arc de Triomphe in Paris are all throwing their arms out in eternal gestures of extension.

Don't fall in on yourself. Bend backward. Throw your chest out. Open yourself to the world. The backbone that begins to curve over forward is a sign that its possessor has abnegated youth.

I hate to go back to those unhappy people on the New England farm who are the prototypes of age, but it is horribly true that the farmer's backbone curves the wrong way. He bends forward, while his brother of the city defends himself against decay by keeping his backbone erect; he affirms his Ego by standing up; armed for the struggle of life, ready for attack or defence.

(City people do not stoop. That is why they are young. World over the peasant and the country-folk creep about with bent spines; and they are old.)

It is all right to carry your age well. That is very good; but what you want is to make your age carry you. Now so far as the physical body is concerned, all you have to do is to make the physical movements you like to make, so long as they are outward movements—movements away from yourself. I can put it in a nut-shell:

The centre of your body is the eleventh vertebra of the spinal column. Think of that as your physical centre and make all your movements away from it.

When you feel that you want exercise of any kind, take it; and never take any exercise unless you feel you want it. Any kind of exercise that pleases you, so long as it is not exercise toward yourself, is all right. It is all right upon the one condition that you do not take it alone. Any exercise taken in the secret of a closed room defeats the purpose for which you take it. Indeed man who

isolates himself for any purpose whatsoever is usually engaged in crime, either physical, mental, or moral.

Think it over.

You have never wilfully isolated yourself—driving even a woman out of your room—except in order to think or act a crime. Your physical vibrations are personal to you, but unless they are received by another human being they return and react upon you poisonously. That is the peril of doing things in solitude.

The man who plays alone, drinks alone, takes his exercise alone, does anything alone, is building for himself a habit of isolation, and this same isolation means old age, decrepitude; the throwing away of that measure of youthfulness which is his due.

To live alone, to play alone, to work alone, to pray alone, is to be old.

You can carry on in a persistent state of youthfulness just so long as your

vibrations—your radio active vibrations—flow out from you and are received harmoniously by the vibrations of your fellow-men and your fellow-women. If you want to maintain youth, you cannot shake hands with too many men; you cannot kiss too many women.

CHAPTER VI

EMOTIONAL AND MENTAL YOUTH

IT WAS in the Grand Hotel in Rome. Every one who is any one had dined there. We were sitting over the little cups of black coffee in the *foyer*. The Sicilian princess passed in a new evening gown which showed us more of her back than we had yet seen; but the Sicilian princess did not disturb our after dinner tranquillity. And then, suddenly, in some way the atmosphere cracked as though an electric storm had broken. Mathilde Serao had entered. It is not alone that the great Neapolitan novelist is large and majestic and vibrant; that she wears the widest hat with the tallest plumes; that she smokes a long black cigar, and gesticulates extensively. It is more than

all that she radiates a force of nature comparable to Vesuvius in eruption. Her laughter is large and generous; her voice shakes the windows; where Mathilde Serao is, the sun shines and the winds blow.

Is she beautiful?

You can't imagine a young sculptor running after her beseeching her to pose for his statue of Venus. Her body is round and thick as a tree. (I know she eats too much macaroni; I wish she wouldn't.) She is not beautiful. She is something better. She is *alive*. She radiates light and heat. She radiates joy. Merely to look at her yonder across the room, waving her fat white hand, smoking the big cigar, shouting, rolling her R's like the rolling of a drum, is to take a lesson in loving existence; and she made all of us—idling there in the *foyer* of the Grand—in love with life.

She was so victoriously happy herself

that she made everyone round her happy. You didn't have to be within fifty feet of her to hear what she said. Her conversation—stormy as the sea—splashed its waves and foam clear across the room. And she talked about everything. Everything interested her—the social question, writers, women, politics, Petrograd, Paris. She dipped herself in the interests of humanity. According to the almanac Mathilde Serao should be old. But you might as well call Vesuvius old. That big, ample body is no nearer old age than are her vehement emotions, or the active mind winged with youth that flies abroad throughout the world of thought.

Do you see the point I would make?

There is harmony between the vibrations of her physical body and the generous vibrations of heart and brain. It is harmony of a tremendously active sort, I admit; but harmony does not mean

quietude; a tempest may be just as harmonious as a rosebud.

You may have learned in the previous chapter just how necessary it is that your physical body should be given the kind of pleasant exercise it likes. There is something inside that long white body of yours which must also be given the exercise it needs. If your emotional nature is starved and grows anemic, you will tumble over into old age, though your outer body be strong as that of a bull or a red heifer. In order to keep your emotional nature right you need the right kind of emotional exercise. Exercise, you observe, not indulgence. You must exercise your emotions and your feelings, and your imagination as wisely as you exercise your muscles. Youthfulness in the emotional body must be maintained by well-chosen and sympathetic exercises. Just what emotional exercises will best fit your case I shall describe in a

later chapter. Here, I am trying to make clear the general law which you must follow.

In the first place, I should like to lay heavy emphasis upon the statement that you should not indulge your emotion alone, in solitude. You are part of a great vibratory world; emotional as well as physical. From one body to the other throughout the universe there radiates a force comparable to heat or light, which binds into a unity all mankind. Modern scientists—like Boirac and Joire and Gaston Durville—can measure for you these inter-human vibrations. They can measure your personal vibration and that of John Smith, your neighbour, and tell you how your vibration reacts upon his. And the grave fact they will add is, that by shutting yourself off from the human vibration of your contemporaries in life you are killing yourself precisely as a tree is killed when it is isolated from water and sun.

I have no intention of going into the scientific side of this question. I would only draw from it a conclusion. Your emotional nature can maintain its normal, unaging condition only when you let it play with the emotional natures of your kin and your friends, and those who come close to you in life. The wider your circle of friends and acquaintances—provided only they are emotionally alive—the more will your emotional nature find to strengthen it and build it up.

Music feeds the emotional body.

I do not mean that you have to go rolling about in the turbid floods of Wagnerian music, which was thought quite the right thing to do a generation ago, but which seems rather silly to-day. There are other kinds. Debussy, for instance, took the silliness out of music. You might like that. But for everyone there is a kind of music that reacts

pleasantly on the emotional body. It may be some old song the English children sing: "Sally go Round the Moon," or "Green Gravel." It may be "Au clair de la lune," or it may be the disaster of a jazz band. But those sound-waves—if you find the wave-length that suits you—feed the emotional body.

I call your attention to music especially because it differs from all the other arts. It is the only art which is mobile. All the others are fixed in immobility. And it is the most powerful of the arts in its emotional reaction, because it is closest to animal life. Long before birth takes place—men of that science will tell you—the education of hearing begins; and this education in the perception of sound is common to all animals and not alone to man. Thence comes the strange truth that music is the only art which affects an animal. Animals pay no attention to painting or sculpture or architecture;

one and all they are attracted by music precisely as men are.

It is therefore the animal side in man which is stirred by music.

Highly intellectual men and women who have specialized their mentalities are rarely swayed by music. Music lovers are always nearer the emotional status of animals; and the danger of over-indulgence in the sensations which come from reiterated shocks of sound-waves is to be reckoned with.

Poets may die young as the saying is; but music-drunkards grow old before their time—from over-indulgence. The danger is from excess. The danger is from specializing. And the over-indulged emotional nature is swollen and deformed like the liver of a Strassbourg goose.

Of course, taken in the right way, sound-vibrations are the very food of the animal-soul. Music is good. Song is good. Dancing is good. All things

rhythmic are good. Therefore don't be afraid of falling in love. Falling in love never hurt any one. Of course I insist that you shall keep your morals right. I don't want you to run about kissing the upper-housemaid or jumping over your neighbour's fence. *Love and Be Good!* But you can hardly do too much loving. Love your neighbours; and remember that your neighbours stretch away as far as the horizon. All humanity is your neighbour. There is a lot of cant talked above love; and one of our Puritan inheritances is a kind of terror of letting our emotions go. Life will go more smoothly and carry on further when men and women love each other with a franker disregard for minor jealousies and angers; love is the great prophylactic against old age.

And you must let light in upon your emotional body unless you want it to wither; you must let colour in. Your

rooms should be full of colour and beauty. When the women of your house come down to dinner they should be dressed in beautiful garments; jewels should shine in their hair; and your slim, normal body should be fitly garbed to meet them.

Music, pictures, the exquisite works of art——

And remember in loving pictures you do not have to love the Old Masters. Indeed don't love the Old Masters. Love the Young Masters who are creating the beauty of the day. There can be no art too advanced for the woman who refuses to abnegate youth. The woman living in the present—as she must live if she is to go on being young—need not get her thrills from the frescoes of the Middle Ages. What the art of to-day has to tell her it is telling in terms of Cubism and of Futurism; and Dadaism if you will.

In other words, there is no art too new

for the person who is living and being young.

It is all right to be historically faithful to the Old Masters, but the New Masters have vibrations of music or colour or form that means youth. Why do you think society goes in for novelties—for the latest thing in the seven arts? Because it is smart? Not a bit of it. Because it realizes that Matisse and Van-gogh and Guaguin are bringing them if not new vision at all events new attitudes of mind. Fads and fancies; Russian dances, French music—all that is new jogs the emotions out of their sluggish calm—sets them spinning and makes for youth. In your quest for perpetual youth you cannot afford to grow emotionally sluggish. You cannot afford to be static. You cannot go on mooning over the poets you loved at twenty. You have got to sway with the emotion of the latest poet who is posturing in the moonlight. You

have got to key your emotions up to his. You must dance to the latest fiddler's tune.

In fact, you should dance, both figuratively and in reality. Dancing has a double value. It is really a pleasant way of exercising the physical body; and in the second place it frees the psychic vibrations and gives the emotional body a chance. It is a way of being young.

And now just here I want to call attention to the danger you have possibly already thought of in this matter of exercising the emotions. One does not want to overdo the thing. Proper limits should be set for falling in love; the normal man should not go wantoning about like an underbred school-boy. There is a danger as has been said in giving way to musical vibrations. That is why almost all musicians are abnormal. Their emotional bodies are puffed out and covered with excrescences. They are

deformed, just as bad-living men are deformed by too much food and drink. And the normal man should show just as much moderation in his dancing, for instance, as he would in his eating. An elderly gaga skipping about a ballroom with fluffy immaturity makes for derision.

Keep to the norm!

In your play of emotions, just as in your physical game. If you indulge your emotional nature too much, you run the risk of becoming either a musician or possibly a poet. These are all right but not for normal people. Still, when you are studying an art so subtle as that of keeping young, you can occasionally get a good suggestion even from the people who push physical exercise to the extreme as the athletes do; or from those who slop over emotionally, like the musicians.

You have often observed that the actor in his exaggerated, rather humorous way, really preserves a large measure of youth.

He does it, I think, by the emotional exercise of playing parts and also by drinking in the vibrations of friendliness that come back to him from an applauding audience. He more than any one else is worth studying for the youthfulness he keeps alive. And the really good woman who wants to be young could study actresses, noting especially that it is the wide range of their emotional experiences that keeps them young.

The actor is the man who, by the wise and judicious co-exercise of his physical, emotional, and mental elements, keeps himself triumphantly young long after other men of his generation have given up; and if I were asked honestly to state whether among the eternally young women I have known the greater number were found among actresses, or society women, I should have to hesitate to give an answer. Perhaps the best answer would be this: More smart women have

kept young; but the reason is that the proportion of smart women to actresses is a hundred to one. And there is not a smart woman living and loving and being happy at fifty who has not made more or less of a study of some splendid actress, who convinced her that to be old before eighty or a hundred is a crime against nature. I wonder if Fanny Ward will permit me to say that her example in this respect has made hundreds of women young in spite of the years.

But do not overplay the emotional side of life. You might wake up some morning (with horror) and find yourself—a poet. And that's the sort of thing no right-minded man wants to happen to him overnight.

And while you are preserving your physical and mental equilibrium do not let your mind get old. A static mind means old age. Mental inertia is the most dangerous enemy to the tranquil

well being of the trillion cells which should all be working in harmony to keep you young.

Perhaps in latter-day life the danger is not so much of mental inertia as of mental over-work. More and more we tend to over-play the intellectual part of life. There is, to be sure, a good deal of pretence in our assumption of omnipotence. We do not know quite as much as we pretend to know—not even the youngest of us. This sort of general knowledge—knowledge of parade—which comes from magazines and newspapers is not the kind that makes for brain-fatigue. But just as the athlete breaks the equilibrium of life in favour of his muscles and just as the emotionalist of music breaks that equilibrium to build up a flabby emotional body, so the pedant pays away his youth to create an abnormal brain. The human motor must run on all its cylinders if it is to run smoothly on through time.

I do not suppose you are going to be a professor of archæology, or an expert on parthenogenesis, or the parasitic inoculator of psychic maladies. If you were you probably wouldn't be reading this book. Let us be quite frank. Scholarship is not smart. Why? Because with that instinct which serves it so well instead of thought or study, the smart set has learned that the studious sort of life makes for premature old age. It does. You can't bend over medieval manuscripts in the library at Venice—your feet in woollen shoes to keep from freezing—without pulling down on your head the whiteness and wrinkles of old age. You cannot steam in the laboratory without giving up a part of your youthfulness. Is it worth the sacrifice? Of course it is—just as children are worth it; and mothers and fathers will go on sacrificing their youth on that high and holy altar. But other books (and I have written some of

them) exist for these noble people—for these martyrs of parental love and patient scholarship and high-minded science and altruistic devotion to all the great causes.

Here and now we are concerned with other things.

We are concerned with people who want to keep young—to get the best out of life—to carry on so strongly that they can help themselves and help others splendidly, until the clock strikes one hundred and twelve; and it is time to go decently (and for the first time alone) into one's bedroom, to draw the curtains, and make one's last preparation for the night's sleep.

Those three parts of you whereof I have spoken must each have their due development. If you move your arms and legs and give the body the movement it requires; if you move your emotions about and exercise your capacities for love and laughter and emulation; so you must give

your mind all the active thoughts it needs to keep it young. But you must not hitch it to the cart of science or scholarship and make it haul a load.

And just as you want new emotions you want new thoughts. It is novelty that keeps the mind young. You want to know everything that is going on in the world of thought. You can't be a scientist, but you want to know what he, in his curious way, is doing; and you want to know the kind of books the literary man is writing. One doesn't want to read bad literature. One hasn't time for anything but the best of its kind. One must know what the smart people are reading in London or Paris or Rome, because those are precisely the books that keep one's mind in an attitude of youth. They startle the mind and keep it alert, while the old familiar books are narcotics.

One must live in an atmosphere of youngness. And the newest books and

the newest plays, even as the newest paintings and the newest music, radiate the vibrations of youth. They will pull you up abreast of your youngest contemporary; and it is in him and his struggles you must take an interest if you are not to fall back into the dust of old things.

Above all you must be unselfish, because, mixing among human beings as I have urged you to do, demands that you give more than you get.

You must give out or nothing will come to you. And what you really want to get from the world of nice people who know how to play is the magnificent gift of youth. Therefore you must have a general interest in life. You can't be a hobbyist; you can't go along on one line; you must give yourself a universal chance to be young—in flesh, feeling, thought.

Three things then:

I. The basis of physical youth is move-

ment—movements that are pleasurable; therefore do not let your body become static; for the moment it stands still it is aging, crumbling, dying.

II. You must not yield to emotional sluggishness, which means decay, or to emotional over-indulgence, which means flabby abnormality, such as you see in music drunkards, in mediums, in those who use such narcotics as ether and morphine.

III. You must beware of mental inertia on the one hand and of specialized over-development on the other.

Do not break the equilibrium of life.

CHAPTER VII

CLASSIFICATIONS OF CHARACTER

THERE are many ways of classifying humanity.

One may classify men according to the shape of their skulls, or the pigment in skin and hair. Or one may classify them according to their moral attitudes. Indeed there are innumerable methods of sub-dividing and labelling humankind. The method which lends itself best to scientific sub-division is that of classifying men according to their aptitude for fitting into the environing organization of society. In other words, you judge a man by the way he adapts himself to the collectivity in which he lives.

The agent of adaptation to the social environment is character.

Therefore one cannot do better than divide mankind into three classes, according to their reaction to the social environment. Your scientist will call this the reaction to psychic suggestion.

The consensus of scientific opinion gives the three classes as follows:

Class I. Affirmative.

Class II. Receptive.

Class III. Passive.

Everywhere, from the nursery where your children play up to the White House where Power sits like a symbol, you will find examples of these classes. They are easily recognized; but I am going to give you in as simple a way as possible the rules whereby you may know them unmistakably. You cannot conduct your own life wisely, you cannot help others along the road, unless you know your own class and your own type and the classes and types of others.

To find in what class you belong; to

find in what class your daughter and your son and your friends belong, will not require deep study. More than anything else it demands judgment. You must first know your own character and then place yourself without hypocrisy in the class or sub-class to which you belong. You will note many variations from type. We are not all shaped in the same mould. Each of us has individual peculiarities which lead us a trifle away from the pure type. Therefore, in order that you may have the benefit of your own comments and study, I have left blank spaces in the chapter on rules so you may jot down memoranda of the minor divergencies from type which you may note in yourself, your family, or your friends.

There will be variations from type as I have said, but broadly there is not a human being at all approximating the norm, who will not (relatively) fit into

one of these divisions or sub-divisions. And when you have found your place—or his place, or the place of Marie-Louise—you have nothing to do but to follow the laws of life laid down for each type and sub-type, in order to carry on through the long years with pleasure to yourself and profit to those in your social *milieu*.

I hope you will clearly understand that this book, though it is written for men and women, applies to children. It is not only to teach the adult how to maintain his adult youthfulness; it is also to show the adult how the little generation growing up in the nursery may be unconsciously initiated into the secret of a life that is long and ever young. Of course the first thought in my mind has been of the women I know and of the men who are throwing youth away. But nothing can be true for the adult which is not more compellingly true for the adolescent. The

mothers who apply the principles herein set down in definite rules to their children—no matter how young—will be laying the corner-stone for the longevity of the coming race. They will not be playing with a fad; they will be applying to practical and race-preserving ends the gravest wisdom of the latest scientific thought. For adults detailed advice would be almost superfluous. They have but to read the page and take its lesson. But for the application of these rules for children a wider explanation is necessary.

You can plan long, youth-bearing lives for your children; you can increase their longevity even as you can maintain your own youth through the years. But what you can do for yourself with ease and with pleasure requires in the case of children much care, much thoughtfulness, and wisdom. For parents who want their children to live long and be young the first rule is this:

Never try to change a child and make him over into someone else.

Never try to turn him into what he isn't by hammering into him characteristics he does not possess. There is no reason why he should be like his brother or his sister or any one but himself. Above all, there is no reason why little Willie should be like his father, though that is about the last thing a father ever recognizes. And why should Kate be like her mother? Surely one like Kate's mother is enough. Remember that Kate is essentially herself. She can't grow into anything but Catherine, keeping all her Kate qualities. The same thing is true of your boy and every boy. If Rupert is born lazy do not force him to follow and emulate those of his family who were not born lazy.

His essential strength lies in his inactivity.

That very inactivity which you foolishly deplore.

It is very probable that things will come to this boy because he sits still—and things know where to find him; while the active lad will have to go out and hunt things out for himself.

One boy in your family may be keen on active sports; there is no reason why the other boy—his brother—shouldn't sit and look on.

Let him look on.

Do not force a child into uncongenial play—especially do not force him into uncongenial work. If he prefers books to football give him books. Nature will take care of him to a large extent. Of course he needs your guiding, but he needs your intelligent guiding. Here is the great truth:

He cannot develop along lines contrary to his type; and he should not.

Only an ignorance of human nature, so dense that it is almost criminal, would attempt to force a child's development along lines contrary to type.

Your first duty to the adolescent is to let him be himself; to let him perfect himself according to his definite character; to let him run true to type. Boy or girl it is the same thing and adult duty is this: to find out what their types are and encourage them to do the utmost with the qualities nature and heredity have bestowed upon them.

Every child has come into the world with sealed orders. That is why he is a mystery.

You do not know what those sealed orders are; and he does not know. The best you can do is to judge of his mission by his character; and knowing that to help him on his way. The little man is an Individuality; the little girl is an Ego; they have predestined ways to go in spite of all you can do or say. Already their individualities are sticking out of them. Study their characteristics. In a broad general way you will find descrip-

tions of them in the types herein set forth. When you find the child's type help build it up. Help that young body and brain to perfect its type by applying the rules that fit this particular case for the development physical, emotional, and mental.

I do not mean that you are to take little Willie and stand him up and read these rules to him. It is your business to guide him so that he may unconsciously follow these rules. He need never know there are any. With a very little encouragement he will naturally follow the line of least resistance—for him. For his normal desire is to find a way of harmonizing his vibrations with his surroundings; and his development along every line will be enormous, because nothing will be opposing him. Try it. And in six months you won't know the child, so greatly will he have gained from this sane and scientific method of guiding

adolescence into maturity while preserving all the factors of youth.

But remember this: it is never the child who can decide upon its own type.

There your wisdom is needed. Were he allowed to follow his own bent he would listen probably to his more vehement instincts. He would hearken to the call from the cave.

And civilization is nothing more or less than a collective effort to bring under control these cave-dweller instincts for the good of the collectivity. You can't trust the instincts and appetites of childhood to make for that collective good which is civilization—or for the good of the child. Your wisdom, as I have said, is needed. But education—physical, moral, or mental—if it is to develop the child instead of thwarting him, must be in harmony with his instincts and must be in line with his type.

Of course it is often incumbent upon

adolescence to do things it does not particularly want to do. Unfortunately, much of its life has to be against the grain. This is the essence of training—of education; but the best training and the best education are those which collaborate as much as possible with the inherent characteristics and desires; and oppose them as least may be.

And it is not going to make a child selfish to give him his own way if you are sure—quite sure—that the way he wants to go is the way laid down for him by the nature with which he was born. You are not going to make any one unselfish by forcing upon them uncongenial tasks or thwarting them in the things they most want to do. You will only make them old before their time; old, old. You will only teach them to live and grow old and unhappy and warped and dolorous. The soil youth grows best in is that of love and harmony; love from

others and harmony with its surroundings and with itself.

These few words upon the application of youthful living had to get themselves written; and now if you will, I shall describe the three classes into which modern scientists have divided the human race:

Three classes, then:

Passive, Receptive, and Affirmative.

Picture to yourself humanity as an immense congregation of folk engaged in running a mighty race. The pistol cracks and they start from the line. For a moment they are all together. Then a little group detaches itself from the others, advances, and sweeps on swiftly toward the goal. This little group in advance makes up hardly five per cent. of all humanity. Science will tell you that it is the equivalent of the psychic brain. It is the thinking brain of humanity, the active brain, the governing brain. They are the Affirmatives.

Look once more out on the field where the runners are still panting on. There is a second group still pressing toward the goal. It makes up about twenty per cent. of humanity. Will it win? At all events it will run. Those who are running in the second group, struggling on, are best described as Receptives. Once more the scientist will tell you that they are equivalent to the Occipito-frontal brain; they are sensitivo-psychic; in a word, they are the emotional and impulsive part of humanity.

Far behind, scattered here and there, crumbled out all over the field, are the remaining seventy-five per cent. of those who willy-nilly have engaged in the race. And once more the scientists will tell you that they are equivalent to the occipital brain; they are the sheep of humanity.

Let us look a trifle more closely at these classes. And since you have in mind a picture of the Passives losing the race

they are set to run, let us begin with them.

How do the Passives react and to what?

They react only to a direct command, because they are impotent to originate personal action. They follow and, wherever difficulty and responsibility confront them, they stop. Here is an obstacle.

It stands up like a mountain; and the Passive must climb over it. What does he do? He looks at the mountain and he seems to hear it issue an order; and the order issued by the mountain is this:

“I am an obstacle; you can’t get over me.”

And the Passive will stand there confronting the obstacle until you, or someone else, speaks the word of command—of power and authority—saying:

“Go climb the mountain.”

And just as passively as he stood still, with equal passivity, he will climb the mountain.

The Passive reacts to a direct command: "Do it. I order it. Go."

Second: The Receptive is a different sort of person. He is sensitive, so is she. They haven't much confidence in themselves. They don't know just what they can do. They are afraid to act for fear they may not be able to succeed. They are very sweet, undecided people and they instinctively attach themselves to the strong.

But they are not Passive.

They want to follow though they hesitate before a responsibility. It is as though they were confessing to themselves that they are not fit to lead. But they have faith. They give themselves to noble causes, not passively, but under the persuasive influence of others:

All you have to do is to give them confidence in themselves.

They react to the persuasive suggestion: "Oh, you can do it."

You never want to startle the Receptives with a command, with an imperative: "Do it." That makes them run away and hide themselves in a cloud of timidity and sensitiveness and doubt. If you give them the persuasive suggestion: "Why, you can do it," they at once grow confident and sure of themselves. For them as for the Passives the obstacle rises like a mountain and tells them it is too terrible to be crossed. But the kindly suggestion: "You can do it," gives them a force often as great as the noble five per cent. you saw winning the race.

Indeed among those who have done most for humanity, among those who have fought many a good fight and won many a good race, as the Apostle said, were great numbers of these sensitive and Receptive people, who by kindly guidance and loving suggestion gained such self-confidence that they became unconquerable.

And now we come to the Affirmatives. The five per cent. The winners of the race.

It is a curious thing about this strong man; it is a curious thing about this splendid and formidable woman. They are wonderful people. They are independent. They are always contradicting you. They can't help it. It is in their nature. If you say softly that two and two are four, their first thought is as to how they can whip up some argument that will convince you that two and two are five. Obstacles delight them. They like to do difficult things because they are difficult. They enjoy the battle of facts and ideas.

Never order the Affirmative to do anything on earth.

Not even the things they want most to do. They are made to command and it goes horribly against the grain to obey. If you say to them abruptly: "Go"—their first thought is to back up the other

way; and if you try to deal with them as you would with the Receptives and suggest persuasively: "Why, you can do it," they merely smile a tolerant smile. Far better than you do they know what power lies within them. These forceful people react, curiously enough, only to one suggestion. If you express doubt; if you intimate that the obstacle is too big to surmount; if, in short, you say: "Oh, you'll never be able to do it," those cantankerous Affirmatives will strut forward and do it or die.

It was because Columbus was told he couldn't find a new world that he went and found one. In the speech he delivered at the Italian Parliament last year in Rome, President Wilson unconsciously defined exactly this type of the Affirmative man; and he said:

"The only effect an obstacle produces on a brave man is to summon up his courage as though in answer to a de-

fiance. We owe it to our pride to conquer difficulties."

I should not like to be the one to say to Mr. Wilson: "Do this."

And with him, I do not think one would accomplish much with the Persuasive suggestion: "Oh, you really can, you know." But an unfailing way to get that man to do the thing you want done would be to tell him he can't do it. Though the mountain towered cloud-high, he would do it. He would brook no defiance from mountain or man, because he is a highly developed Affirmative.

Broadly, all normal people fall into these three classes which I have described. Many sub-divisions might be made. Science has defined various sub-types. Doctor Baraduc has defined precisely forty minor types.

Here at Rome many little revolutions flare out in the streets. It has been interesting to study some of the violent

types—the so-called Revolutionaries. They belong to a distinct sub-type. They form part of the group of Receptives whose sensitiveness is very great. Now their sensitiveness has revolted against the imperative Will which has been laid upon them by old law and order. What happens? They rush violently out of their Receptive and Submissive or Passive class and try to climb up into the class of the Affirmatives. They can't do it! No one of them can do it. His characteristics with which he came into the world are those of the twenty per cent. But it is very interesting to observe that these violent runaways from the Receptive class to which they belong always group themselves together. They try to find a refuge from their individual weakness by uniting with others of the weak revolutionary type. They form gangs; they form parties; and they attack the social organization, the family,

or society, because their really sensitive natures have been brutalized or hurt by society and the family.

It is well worth remembering that all the great political criminals—all the anarchists and revolutionaries—belong to this sentimental class; and they become violent and criminal when they attempt to be Affirmatives—making thus an abnormal departure from type.

It is just as with a child—an affectionate child, sweet-tempered and sensitive—who may be driven into violence simply because you have applied to it the wrong suggestion. You have ordered it to do a thing instead of persuading it; or tried to persuade it when you should have given a command.

Do you see the point?

The hypocrites of the world belong to this same sensitive class. They have been forced into hypocrisy because wise guidance has not conducted them along

the line they should rightly follow. Remember that it is the family that creates tendencies; that gives suggestions. It is in the family that characters affirm themselves for good or ill. Unless a child is given the suggestions that belong to its character and type, it may be driven to disaster—it will certainly be thrown into a discordant life, which will mean a broken youth and and early death.

CHAPTER VIII

THE TYPES OF HUMANITY

THESE types are those of men and women alike. I shall describe them broadly, giving you only the large outline based as they are upon the biometric studies of Doctor Baraduc. I could easily sub-divide them into his forty groups. My object, however, is only to show you the type *en large*—in a summary way. You will not find in them all the characteristics of your friend. Suppose, for example, he belongs to class 9. Not all the qualities I shall describe will be united in him, but still in a broad, general way he will resemble that forthgoing man who stands for the symbol of that type. When you study him you will observe many differences. But you will find that, on

the whole, his dominant characteristic—the ruling quality that makes him the man he is—will be that associated with type 9.

The same thing is true of yourself. You will not find yourself described wholly in what is written about the type to which you belong, but you will find your keynote there. You will find there your essential vibration—the vibration to which you most readily answer. You must use not only your judgment but a perfectly honest critical sense.

Now in the same way when you have found your type you will have to decide for yourself whether you belong to the Affirmative, to the Receptive or to the Passive class of this type. Your natural tendency will be immediately to declare that you are an Affirmative. Every man thinks well of himself. The one thing he considers properly distributed in this world is intellect, for invariably he is of

the opinion that his intellect is the best one going. However, you may be mistaken about that, you know. You may not really belong in the compelling intellectual class of the Affirmatives. Better consult your wife. She knows.

And the same thing precisely is true for the woman who reads this book. She must find her type—the type to which she really belongs. And I should not advise her to trust wholly to her own judgment. I should suggest she consult her *fiancé* or possibly her husband or—if she has the courage—her best woman friend. On the other hand, she may know. Women really know more about themselves than men do; and they are not so beastly vain. I think that most women—with fine honesty—will put themselves in the class of that type to which they rightfully belong.

They will not hesitate—as perhaps mere men may—to ask those three fatidic questions, one after the other, as to what

kind of a suggestion they react. Do they respond more readily to the blunt command:

“Do it.”

Can they be induced to do something by the persuasive suggestion:

“I am sure you can do it.”

Or, can they only be forced to action by the appeal to pride and obstinacy contained in the suggestion:

“You’ll never be able to do it; you can’t.”

If you will be perfectly honest in selecting your type and placing yourself in the class where you belong, this book will do for you precisely what it has promised to do. It will teach you how to live and be young.

TYPE ONE

(CREATIVE)

These are the people of whom one says instinctively: “*Quel beau garçon ! Quelle jolie fille*”; and they are usually hand-

some folk, with the sunlight in their hair. They are magnanimous and they are religious; they even invent new religions, even as they invent new arts and new systems of government. They are good and generous; and since they are born to create, they are likely to create institutions and organizations for the good of humanity. They are charming people to work with because one can work with them. Those of this type are sentimental and romantic. They need love and they inspire both love and sympathy; and usually their love is beneficent. Socially they mix with all classes of people. Their bearing is dignified, noble, commanding; and they usually occupy positions of prominence in life.

TYPE TWO

(MATERNAL)

This is a type of woman so beautiful she does not need to be clever. She is

always tranquil. She ought always to be rich and happy, though somehow or other she doesn't know how to make a success of marriage. Perhaps it is because she is an incoherent and fantastic sort of girl; rather timid, rather negligent, rather visionary, but with a very strong maternal instinct. There is a boy just like her. I have often wondered what would happen if he married her. I can imagine an adorable lot of milky-faced, irresponsible little babies mooning about their nursery. Life for them would be as absurd and fascinating as a fairy-tale. Type two rarely stays married, odd as it may seem. They are nomads. They love distance and music and poetry and flowers. They are capricious and fantastic. Their ideas never fit into each other in a decent, orderly way. They are usually too indolent to look after their own interests, but they are perfectly charming folk and one can't help loving

them, though the serious-minded person is often tempted to violent measures of repression. They frequently write poetry and music of a dreamy sort. In their gentle way they are often stubborn, but only for a moment. Usually they cling and are acquiescent.

TYPE THREE

(EXPANSIVE)

Those belonging to this type present themselves well. They have deportment. They like display and ostentation, especially in their homes and surroundings. They are lovers of life; and never hard on themselves physically or morally. You can't make martyrs out of them, they won't let you. In a word, they are lovers of all good things including love—gay, talkative, careless, pompous, benevolent, kindly, honest, hating evil and loving good. But if you want to please them never forget to give them the centre of

the stage and turn the lime light on them. You won't make them happy by electing them vice-president when there is a presidency in the offing. They are fond of good company, pretty women, jokes, and laughter; and their laughter rings out loud and clear. They can organize and command. Usually you find this type well up to the front in public affairs. Socially they are great favourites. They belong to many clubs and wherever you find them—men or women—they always occupy positions of prominence and command.

TYPE FOUR

(MATERIAL AND RESTRICTIVE)

Among your friends you may know a slow-walking, silent, serious man who looks down as he walks; who is not very fond of promiscuous company or frivolous conversation—one who listens rather than talks. You would fancy he came into the

world already old and wise and perhaps a trifle sad. He is dark, rather than fair. He ofttimes stoops and his eyes are melancholy. This is Type Four. He is prudent—even carries caution to an extreme; concealing his ambition and his secret love of wealth. A patient, persevering slow worker of the reliable kind, who never attempts any hardy enterprise—if he can help it. Somehow the earth attracts this type. They enjoy digging in it—even down into its mines. They like to plant trees, flowers, and erect solid buildings. Altogether the world would not get on very well without this type, which is perhaps as useful as any of those we have been studying; and it is unmistakable. You can tell them by their faithfulness, by their conscientious work, their love of detail. And they are always slow; and things come to them slowly, late rather than early in life. But what they gain they keep. There is nothing ephemeral in

their success—it is of the solid and lasting kind. They not only love the earth and that which is hidden in it, but likewise old things—antiques—attract them. Reserved and secretive there is in the men and women of this type an immense force, which makes for conservatism and fidelity to accepted ideas. They are very hard to understand because they do not readily inspire sympathy; and never seek it. They are solitary. They build a shell for themselves, and it is hard for them to break through it. This type numbers many scholars, historians, and statisticians—never poets or imaginative writers. Ofttimes it creates misers. Even the richest have a tendency to save and to seek the shadow.

TYPE FIVE

(ACTIVITY)

Do you know the woman who looks you square in the face with a smile on her rather thin mouth? I think she has a

rather thin nose and very bright eyes. Anyway, she is adroit, intelligent, and ironic; and sometimes she is a bit malicious and she belongs to Type Five. All these people are really extraordinarily clever. They are good talkers—even eloquent—and in business they are extremely shrewd. Personally, I am rather afraid of their immense cleverness. They may be planning to steal your sweetheart or pick your pocket; and, on the other hand, they may be planning nothing of the sort. One never knows. They keep you guessing. But they really do look at you with an air of such uncanny cleverness that you can't help suspecting them. It was only because the Welshman is so clever that people called Taffy a thief. Those of this class excel in business, politics, literature, and even art. They are quick of wit and quick of hand. They are the people who make the world go round; and sometimes they make it go round the wrong way.

Anyhow they make it move. They are quick-moving, active, agile, talkative, eloquent, and persuasive. In appearance they are rather smart, elegant people and they are excellent teachers. It is natural that children should love them for they love children. Oddly enough they are often maids and bachelors and do not marry, or marry late.

TYPE SIX

(ART, LUXURY, AND BEAUTY)

In Type Six you will find all who were born to love and be young. They are the real lovers of the world. They always have a great deal of beauty. It would almost seem the Seven Arts had been specially created to please them, for they love everything that is beautiful. They are very artistic. They can sing, dance, act, paint—and instinctively, in dress, in their homes, they evince faultless taste. They love colour, beauty, art, luxury,

love—especially love. They are more loving than faithful it must be confessed. But this does not detract from the irresistible charm of this most charming type. They adore their homes and yet in their voluptuous way they enjoy travel, sight-seeing, everything that stimulates their rich emotional nature. These people are slow to anger, but sometimes when roused they become very passionate—almost violent, but they are not really violent. You will meet real violence in Type Nine. No, they lack persistency in anger just as they lack fortitude in suffering or misfortune. They are an artistic, beautiful, and romantic type and society loves them. Indeed of all the types this is the most ornamental—men or women. If you want to please a Six Type send her flowers and flowers and flowers; and she won't be very angry if you scatter a few diamonds among them; in fact, she might persuade herself she was in love with you,

which would be quite true—for the moment. So far as love is concerned the Six Type is rather quick on the trigger. A man of this type will instinctively lean toward art and beauty. He will, himself, be very handsome and will delight in making life as beautiful as it can be made. You will find many of the famous dancers—men and women—in Type Six. But for all their dainty charm those who belong to Type Six are voluptuous and material in their instincts and in their lives.

TYPE SEVEN

(POETICAL AND MUSICAL)

The girl who plays the harp—there are still a few girls who do play the harp—or the ukulele, or the mandolin, or some stringed instrument and who is as frail as the music she draws from the strings, belongs to Type Seven. Not exceptionally strong in mentality, this type has a wonderful fund of sensitive imagination;

a rather vague and sickly imagination that occupies itself with fantasy. They are easily recognized because even at their best they have a strong tendency toward the abnormal. They love to croon songs; above all they love the bodily sway of mystic dance. People of this type will dance alone; they will create and originate their dances if they are professional dancers. It seems hard for them to stay solidly on the earth as there is something of the bird in them. If fairies existed they would belong to that race—only they would be rather sophisticated fairies, with imaginations tending toward the mysterious and the abnormal. They are not people who lead very open lives; and the lives they build up for themselves in imagination are often perilously close to madness. Perhaps instead of madness one might say genius, for to this type have belonged many of the strange poets like Paul Verlaine and Francis Thompson and

many another who dipped his body in drugs in order that his winged soul might free itself from the contamination of earth. Edgar Allan Poe belonged to the Seven Type. Many great poets and also many great historic poisoners—for this is a strange type. In it you find Saints like Sister Theresa, poisoners like Madame de Brinvilliers, poets like Baudelaire; but always you find the unusual, the exceptional, the inexplicable. The man or woman of this type is carrying a heavy burden, for it is hard for them to understand others or to make others understand them. Of course I have described the type in its most exaggerated form, but you will find hints of it, in a greater or less degree, in many of your acquaintances.

TYPE EIGHT

(DYNAMIC)

Oh, Hey! She rises in memory—a dark, mysterious woman who seems to

have been born in a veil. She is dressed in sombre garments; she looks at you with sombre eyes; and you know that within her silence and mystery there is a potentiality of fierce flight and wild outcry. She may do anything—this woman—and she usually does. Her husband walks narrowly with a wary eye cocked on her for he goes in fear of his days and nights. It is very hard to describe Type Eight, but I think you know it. The man also is quite a formidable person; he, too, is a stormy petrel with wild potentialities in him—potentialities of the highest and most spiritual devotion or of the fiercest descent into the pits of life. Remember these people are humanitarians, and the humanitarian unloosed is formidable and fearsome. They sweep the world with revolution; they light the fires of martyrdom—even light those fires in the nursery sometimes and on the domestic hearth. Who can help admiring this tempestuous

type? But it takes a bit of courage to marry it.

TYPE NINE

(ENERGETIC)

Soldiers belong to this type and all the strong, brave, energetic people of the world. They are rebels and pioneers—always in the advance-guard. They are intellectual, quick-tempered impatient of criticism, extravagant, and reckless of danger. For money they have small respect; and they spend it lavishly. In a world where alcohol is drunk they drink alcohol. In their formidable way they are aggressive, but they are strong and generous and always ready to repair an injustice. It is rather curious that this strong type occasionally becomes seized with a desire to heal those very bodies that it is their first instinct to hack to pieces in the way of war—for Type Nine embraces the warrior. In this case they make wonderful doctors and surgeons and

nurses. There are women of this type—and likewise men—who have a most extraordinary and almost innate power of healing, who can rub your headache away with their firm, capable fingers. Remember also that this soldier-healer type of person is just as liable to turn toward some strange mystic kind of religion as he is to take up the noble art of healing.

CHAPTER IX

APPLYING THE RULES

THIS chapter gives the rules which intelligently followed, according to the classification of your character and your definite type, will make for the maintenance of youth—showing you, in short, how to live and be young.

You are, I take it, a grown woman—an adult man. Then by way of preliminary warning, I would bid you beware of gymnastics and methods of so-called scientific exercise. For two reasons:

First: Physical education—like all other kinds of education—is for adolescence and not for the adult.

Second: Physical instructors, who are usually skilled enough in muscular movements, are entirely ignorant of what lies

behind the repetition of the physical movements they teach in their schools and gymnasia—or in their mail-order books. This ignorance of bio-physiology extends even to the laboratories, and there it becomes even more dangerous for it takes on an air of scientific authority and overawes the layman.

As a matter of fact, even in the laboratory little is known of the psycho-sensitive, psycho-metrical, and psycho-chemical reactions of the human being, because all the experiments have been made with animals—and man is neither a rabbit, a dog, a guinea-pig, nor a frog; he differs wholly from the animal because his cerebral reactions, instead of being simple, are multiple and proteiform. Therefore the laws laid down even by the scientific authorities in the matter of physical exercise are based on deadly ignorance. A muscular act is not merely a muscular act; that is only the visible manifesta-

tion of it; what it is in reality is an infinite series of causal combinations, hidden and internal, of a psychological kind. And any form of "physical education" is liable to cause strain, fatigue, malady, either physical or psychic—and dig for you the grave of old age. Therefore:

Do not take up any method of physical exercise unless your own personal physician bids you follow it.

Do not experiment with your muscles—don't pull 'em about according to some silly book that accompanies the silly ropes and pullies in your bathroom. Remember the adult needs, to be sure, physical exercise, but he does not need physical training and physical education—they belong to adolescence.

Also: Even to-day, when few men are trying in any scientific way to live long and be young, a man's real force and real value are between fifty and sixty years of age, or seventy.

A nation is worth only what its so-called old men are worth.

The physical organs: heart, lungs, brain, are the same at all ages; they do not need training—what they need is rational, pleasure-giving exercise. And you should exercise them precisely as you exercise your emotions and your mind—with profit to yourself and to others. A gymnasium, an athletic school, is no place for a normal adult—unless he goes there to play; then it is all right. Indeed any exercise is right so long as it is the natural outcome of a physical desire. It is not a question of its difficulty. Scaling the Alps or hunting big game in Africa will keep a certain kind of man young. Another will get all he needs by dancing at a pink tea. The thing to beware of is forced exercise—routine exercise, whether it be of the treadmill or the athletic club; and beware of it, especially when it has been ordered by a physical director.

RULES AND EXERCISES APPLIED TO THE VARIOUS TYPES AND DEGREE OF TYPES, DESCRIBED IN CHAPTER VII AND CHAPTER VIII FOR BOTH MEN AND WOMEN.

TYPE ONE

FIRST DEGREE: AFFIRMATIVE.

The man of this type and degree should never retire from his business or profession; he should never give up public life—no matter what is the date of his birth. He should keep out in the open all he can by day; and not be a night-hawk. This type is active enough physically; it should not be urged to take exercise; it should be urged to lie down now and then during the day and take a rest. The things to be avoided are over-exercise and over-eating. The affirmative person of Type One derives emotional satisfaction from his work. All social life is good for him. There he finds his most helpful distractions—

especially in the society of high-minded and intellectual people. This man—or woman—should play a part in public life. His mentality demands it. His ideals are always high: he has great organizing power and public influence. Unless he finds an outlet for his undoubted ability, he will grow old before his time.

He must never step off the scene of action; he must always keep going. The centre of this person's life is love—and he needs much of it from others. All he does is inspired by sentiment, either for individuals or for humanity.

He should read everything—poetry and fiction as well as books about governments and religions.

Of course it is understood what has been said of the man of this type and degree of type—and all those to follow—applies to and is equally true of the woman. She, too, is a leader—and is led by her heart.

TYPE ONE.

SECOND DEGREE: RECEPTIVE.

This degree of Type One is very much like the one just described and all that has been said applies to it. It is, however, more sentimental and emotional, therefore it needs coöperation, with strong friends and helpers; and with much encouragement it can achieve great things.

Don't over-exercise.

Don't over-eat.

Don't play with fire.

Live by day—you are not a night-hawk.

Take a daily *siesta*.

Don't fall in love too often.

Don't slop over sentimentally.

Don't accept other people's troubles.

Keep going—but don't hurry.

Your way to youthful longevity is on the sunny side of the street.

TYPE ONE.

THIRD DEGREE: PASSIVE.

You are to be envied; you have all the high qualities of Type

One, described above, but you do not have to transmute them into action. Be satisfied to know these beautiful qualities are within you. You can transmit them to others—radiating kindness and inspiration all about you. Don't worry because you are seemingly inactive; in reality, you are beneficent. Therefore don't strive. Keep quiet and stay young.

TYPE TWO.

FIRST DEGREE: AFFIRMATIVE.

As you have seen, this type is touched with fantasy and idleness. Even when Affirmative it is not extremely active.

You shouldn't try to be active. Physically, you do not want violent kinds of exercise. Don't let others force you into activity. Try and hold your own against them in spite of the fact that yours is not the strongest will. Dear woman (of this type), you are the most charming of mothers—though not an especially good one. You are

capricious; you are fond of change and in order to keep your youth you must to a great extent indulge your caprices and have many changes in your life.

(I hope they will all be innocent ones.)

Man or woman alike, change is essential to this type—especially to Affirmatives, change of residence, change of friends, change of occupation, exercise, amusements, and ideas will keep you young. You must change. Therefore physically, emotionally, and mentally—follow your bent. It will not lead you far astray. That is for you the road to youth.

Fish and be young.

Take ocean voyages, sea baths, boat rides. Mystic and religious music and verse will stimulate your emotional body. The water is your element. Live near it or on it—that for you is the road to youth, and remember you are at your best at night.

TYPE TWO.

SECOND DEGREE: RECEPTIVE.

Virtually the same as Class One of this type only a bit more subject to suggestion. Equally fond of change, you would probably not have the energy to make the decision were you not influenced by others. If you remain without change you will become unhappy—discordant—out of harmony with your surroundings—in a word old. Therefore follow the suggestion. Try and get out of life as much variety as possible. Take also boat rides and ocean trips. Change—and stay young.

TYPE TWO.

THIRD DEGREE: PASSIVE.

You, too, will dream of change and variety, but probably your life will be rather static. You may travel far in your imagination. Home—that is domestic complications—may tie you down. If you are not happy with one husband try and get

up enough energy to take another.

If you can't, travel around the world in your imagination—*bon voyage*—it will keep you young. (By the way, when you feel blue take a Turkish bath.)

TYPE THREE.

FIRST DEGREE: AFFIRMATIVE.

You, my dear man or woman of this degree and type, are distinctively the sort of people who never know when they are old. Wise folk—that is half the battle. Because you like Latin I will say here as Erasmus said to Thomas More, regarding youth: *Crede ut habes et habes*. You are an out-of-door person. You like to be out of doors especially if there are people to stare at you with admiration. You for the Country Club!

Play golf. Play polo—keep horses—dance—you should lead the cotillion. Go to the theatre; go to musical comedies. Show up at first nights. Display yourself. You are proud

150 LIVE AND BE YOUNG

of your home and your family—display them. That is where you will get a youth-preserving emotional stimulus. When you give your mind an airing, study big, imposing books—the masterpieces of history, religion, philosophy; and tell people what you are reading.

Do these things—they will keep you young in spite of the years, always bearing in mind you need exercise in the open, ample amusements, mental stimulation—and, in fact, a large, ample, and conspicuous life. Your feet won't carry you far, but your blood needs stirring up—so ride a horse.

TYPE THREE.

SECOND DEGREE: RECEPTIVE.

Everything said above for the Affirmatives applies to you, who belong to this second or receptive degree of the type. You should follow precisely that way of life, though the chances are you will not do it unless there is someone to prod you

on. You can do it, only you need urging. Get just as much of that open, royal kind of life as you can; but do not *strain* after it—don't force yourself, for that means discord and old age.

TYPE THREE.

THIRD DEGREE: PASSIVE.

You, too, like the kind of life allotted to this type and it is good for you; but the gods made you rather lacking in energy—or rather in initiative. However, you will live and be young if you sit on the porch of the Country Club and watch the other fellow play golf—play polo—or dance on the waxed floor. You might even take a turn yourself with great advantage if someone came along and insisted upon it. But all in all, you are a splendid onlooker for these particular things. You will probably not care to mount a Kentucky thoroughbred—though you like to see others ride. You prefer

a padded motor-car and for you that is right; youth-giving vibrations will come to you from watching all open-air sports rather than participating in them (unless you feel like it), especially in good company.

TYPE FOUR.

FIRST DEGREE: AFFIRMATIVE.

Your physical body has a tendency to take on age; and you must keep young in spite of it. Angularity and gray hairs do not make old age. But you need limbering up. Your bones have a tendency to stiffen. I hope you have a garden—go out and work in it. Mulch your rose-bushes. Dig. You will enjoy it; and you'll get not only youth, but wealth out of the ground. And since you are intellectual you will get the most good out of it if you take an interest in the higher horticultural experiments. You need exercise; and your garden is the place to take it. Incidentally,

while you are about it build a summer-house and do the work yourself. You need a hobby to keep you young—in fact, you need a stable of hobbies. You need to keep your emotions stirred up. Go in for antiques. Start a collection of old books, or old jewels, or old coins, or old masters.

And keep yourself mentally young by studying (for you like study) what modern thinkers have to say about the old philosophers and the new metaphysics. This is your path to Ponce de Leon's spring.

TYPE FOUR.

SECOND DEGREE: RECEPTIVE.

Your path to youth is virtually that described above. I do not know whether you will follow it. Perhaps all I can do is to echo the advice given to the Receptive man who confronted the mountain: Oh, you can do it—of course you can. But will you?

154 LIVE AND BE YOUNG

TYPE FOUR.

THIRD DEGREE: PASSIVE.

You, like others of this type, will find youth in a garden. If you are a city-dweller go to the country, buy a large garden, hire a competent gardener, and watch him garden. The only exercise you need is to walk about your domain and in your wise way see how badly he has done his work. DRINK PLENTY OF BUTTERMILK, PLEASE DO!

TYPE FIVE.

FIRST DEGREE: AFFIRMATIVE.

You are the most active of persons—you are always spinning about. How are you to keep young? You already have the art of it. You love youth. To keep young you should surround yourself with young people—with young girls, or young men, as the case may be—with children (nice house-broken children) and go out as much as possible in youthful society. You need no rules for physical

exercise. You are agile enough. There is quicksilver in your veins. What you need to indulge in, in order to keep young, is sleep. The longer you sleep the younger you'll grow.

Eat discreetly and never, never when you are fatigued. Be a dainty feeder.

Your emotional nature needs the stimulus of social gayeties, of music, of card-playing—especially for good stakes—and of all games in which there is fun and chance. Don't follow one line of interest—you have the quick intelligence that can do two things at the same time and do them well. You may write books—more probably plays, for you are a bit of a plotter. Anyway, you will get your intellectual pleasure—and youth—in the theatre and among people who are fond of the lighter arts. Or it may interest you to go in for science or politics. In the latter case, your natural gift for oratory will carry you far. You will

keep young if you remember that your innate activity demands multiple outlets; always keep going. Make your home in a ballroom.

TYPE FIVE.

SECOND DEGREE: RECEPTIVE.

You are just a little less active than the first degree of this type. You will keep your youth by exerting less physical and more mental activity. Don't go running about ballrooms. Bring the ballroom to your own home. Fill your house with youth.

When I say do not do these things I really mean do not do them unless you feel so disposed. It will be by exerting less and not more activity than those of the first degree that you will keep your youth—but sleep well also, eat discreetly, and guard against colds. (Don't get dyspepsia and don't wear a cold on your chest; stay young.)

TYPE FIVE.

THIRD DEGREE: PASSIVE.

You will love all these social, intellectual, and artistic things, just as the others of Type Five do; but you will keep your youth by refraining from too active physical participation in them. Don't write plays—look at 'em. Don't write books—read 'em. What you can give is appreciation—and corking good advice, too, by the way. You will keep your youth by entering into the work of others of your type; but never hustle—stand aside, give advice, rest; and be young.

(Don't try and ride a horse; take an aeroplane.)

TYPE SIX.

FIRST DEGREE: AFFIRMATIVE.

As you know this type is pleasure-loving—given to ease and indolence and love of beautiful things. In order to maintain its youthfulness it should, as much as possible, indulge itself

in the enjoyment of that beauty which is a joy forever. Whether you be man or woman or child, you need beautiful surroundings. You should have downy beds—like the “Young Visitors”—and tea in bed. All things soft and luxurious and colourful belong to you. Don’t try and make your life hard. Your evenings should be given up to dancing with the one you love best—that particular evening—and to a quiet hour in the supper-room. (But don’t be a pig, please don’t. If you don’t stop eating sweets and chocolates you’ll get fat and no one will love you—and then you might as well get old and serve you jolly well right.)

In order to stimulate your emotional nature (and keep it young) do not deny yourself a harmless flirtation now and then; but keep it harmless. When you make an appointment with him (or her) let it be at an art-gallery, for pictures are for you real food for the

emotions. All the season your social life will keep you busy; when the season ends go to Newport for the summer—or to Trouville—or to the Berkshires—for the autumn, or wherever your particular smart set is going.

You'll grow old unless you do.

You need (and I am speaking quite seriously) just those vibrations of the clean earth and the fashionable sea and the smart mountains if you are to live long and be young.

TYPE SIX.

SECOND DEGREE: RECEPTIVE.

I need not add very much by way of differentiating this degree from the more affirmative one: you must do the same things. Only, if you are a woman surround yourself with as many affirmative friends and admirers as you can; and they will stimulate you to follow the way of life I have outlined above—and you will live and be young.

But—

Steady yourself; don't fall in love too easily—these adventures in love leave the scars of old age for one of this type and degree. The reason is, dear woman, you feel it more than others do. You know the old French saying: *Il y en toujours l'un qui baise et l'autre qui tend la joue*—and you are the one who does the kissing, which, sooner or later, will wear you out and make you old (man or woman).

For you there is only one way to youthfulness: moderation in love, in eating, drinking, in amusements, in everything—even in getting married. Moderate your pleasure-loving nature and stay young.

TYPE SIX.

THIRD DEGREE: PASSIVE.

You will probably stay young anyway in your passive, unperturbed way. People will love you because you have no nerves. Anyway, you are

lovable. And your placidity makes for long life and eternal youth. Only—

You should have a country-house with lawns and a rose-garden and many flowers—and that will be nice for your many many children and your host of friends.

Music will keep you young, but don't bother to play yourself—have the butler turn on the pianola at twilight.

TYPE SEVEN.

FIRST DEGREE: AFFIRMATIVE.

I fancy you are a genius; and I am sure you are misunderstood. Another generation may sing your songs or learn your poems by heart, but you are not at home, I fear, among your contemporaries. You might be much more at home with the new race that is to be born on earth some day.

Your idealism needs nutrition.

How shall you find it?

Physically, you belong to a frail type—to make you robust

162 LIVE AND BE YOUNG

is impossible. Don't try to be a strong man—you will only shatter yourself to pieces. For your youth lies in the Ideal. All that normally feeds your imagination—poetical harmonies and the music of stringed instruments, starlight, and the mysticism of night. Quiet converse with a poetical soul, the rhythm of the dance, the secrets whispered to you by someone you love—will keep you young. Anything that startles the imagination—even emotions of terror and fear—for you are so fine a soul that you can transmute these violent emotions into life-giving vibrations. Your soul needs strange things.

You are poised just a trifle above the earth. You see further than other people see and I should be inclined to believe your prophetic dreams.

Now to keep young do not worry about your physical body. If your feelings are all right and you keep the thought of youth in your mind, it will

take care of itself. If it had been intended you should be a runner for the Marathon stakes you would not have been given the kind of feet you've got.

Don't strive for physical exercises.

Don't use your brain too much—it is too high-strung for rough mental work.

Dream—and be young.

TYPE SEVEN.

SECOND DEGREE: RECEPTIVE.

You are like a harp-string—when a neighbouring harp-string sounds, your own music wakes and echoes it. Of all types and degrees—this is the most dangerous.

The great danger is in suggestion—in becoming a sounding-board, in losing your personality in that of others. (Of course I am using an extravagant illustration; but the tendency is toward an undue lack of affirmation; therefore——)

Don't be too unselfish.

164 LIVE AND BE YOUNG

Don't mix in promiscuous crowds.

Don't let people talk you out of your own opinions. You should have only a few well-chosen friends. You will live and be young by making for yourself a tranquil environment and by gathering around you a few sympathetic, artistic, spiritually minded people whom you can love and trust. Above all, banish worry from your thoughts.

If your physical body requires bucking up go to the seashore; play with the salt sea; and wander at night by the shore. You can live long and be young if you will live in the smart set, only your smart set is the smartest of all for it is made up of artistic people, creative, highly poetic, and spiritual—those people who are ripe for a higher civilization.

But don't worry—please, please—Why worry? It is so much better to stay young.

TYPE SEVEN.

THIRD DEGREE: PASSIVE.

I don't think you exist; if you do exist you are a fish and do not belong in this book—your proper place is a silver platter, with parsley and butter-sauce.

But don't worry—stay young.

TYPE EIGHT.

FIRST DEGREE: AFFIRMATIVE.

You are a strong type. Look back and see what was said of you in Chapter VIII.

Now to preserve youth in one who has so many violent forces playing about in heart and mind is a trifle difficult, but it can be done. You mean so much to humanity, we can't afford to lose you under a hundred and forty years at least. Your forces should have a regular and steady outlet rather than the *violently dynamic one* you usually select for them. You will find youthfulness by following your bent, but only

166 LIVE AND BE YOUNG

if you can do it with some degree of moderation.

Don't explode. Explosions never kept any one young.

Follow your bent if it leads you into public life—even if it leads you to start a revolution—but do it without an internal explosion. Blow up society if you have to, but do not blow yourself up. It will tend to make you old. In other words, try and get some order and system into your dynamic life, but do not fall into the error of attempting to repress your natural tendencies. Repression for you means old age.

Don't exercise.

Let your *masseur*—or your *masseuse*—exercise your body for you.

Satisfy your emotions in public—speak in public and bathe your emotional body in applause. As for your mind, it needs no stimulation—always it is over-stimulated. Avoid quarrels.

In order to keep young, this

type of the Affirmative Degree, must follow its impulses—always—but the milder its explosions are the longer it will last. Look for youth—dear man or dear woman—in the great cities; in the throngs of life. Go where the tide of life rises highest. Your smart set is humanity at its best.

TYPE EIGHT.

SECOND DEGREE: RECEPTIVE.

You would keep young, really, by founding a religion. I don't know whether you will do it or not for you lack, perhaps, initiative. If you don't do that, remember you must in some way give your pent-up emotions an outlet. If you keep 'em in they will age you relentlessly.

Physically you are all right and built for long-living; if there is anything wrong with you physically that is part of your mystery, for not even the best doctor can diagnose it. Don't force exercise on yourself. Dip your emotion in the crowd.

Keep your mind young by teaching others—preaching to them out of your store of innate inspiration. You have original ideas. What you have to say is always new.

By the way, you as much as any one else should have a box at the opera—a seat at the Symphony Orchestra concerts. Go far, go wide, go high—socially and mentally—and you will go on being young.

TYPE EIGHT.

THIRD DEGREE: PASSIVE.

You, I fancy, would be dynamic on a small scale—in your home or immediate environment. If you are a woman, tied down by an uncongenial husband and a child or two, you feel the yoke. It is hard for you to bear the yoke and still preserve your youth. Perhaps you can't break the bonds and get out into the world where your type should play a part. So—

You must bring the world into your home, as much of it as you

can get between the four walls; and you must bring the best—all that is best in your town or village.

Man or woman it's the same thing. Adopt your village or your city. Make it your fountain of youth. Remember you are big. You are a force. You owe yourself to humanity. Start by adopting the community near at hand and every man, woman, and child in it. If you let your interests go this way, you will keep your youth with you through the years.

Don't bother about physical exercise or anything else. Be yourself in your own big way and you will keep young.

TYPE NINE.

FIRST DEGREE: AFFIRMATIVE.

This is the most energetic degree of an energetic type. It thrives on wars and controversies and struggles—and to keep young it must throw itself into strife. If there isn't a war with Germany on, why, put up a fight

with your neighbour—it will keep you young.

Go hunting. Hunt big game. But be careful of your fire-arms and accidents to your head; and look out for malaria, typhoid, and swamp fevers. Travel—but travel for a purpose—to kill a tiger or build a pioneer railway. The fact is that your youthfulness needs much travel, large activities, many interests.

Socially you are a conqueror, and in your social and public life you give out a great deal of magnetism which attracts people to you, but this very magnetism you give out so lavishly calls forth from others high magnetic vibrations which will stimulate your emotional nature and keep it young. Therefore, you need to mingle with people and that will be easy, for you are everywhere a social favourite. *Never do office or routine work of any description.* That way old age lies. You will only get your youth from

the vibrations of other people roused by your own magnetic quality.

Mentally you should go in for practical problems—you are a great driving force. To keep young then, your slogan is: action—action—action——

TYPE NINE.

SECOND DEGREE: RECEPTIVE.

The way for you to keep young is to do exactly as the Affirmative Degree of this type does, but you cannot I fear do it alone as he can; therefore look for collaborators and companions interested as you are in these big and active things.

Marry, if you can, an affirmative person of this type. That will be a good combination—and will make a merry household.

The surgeon or physician of this type is always at the head of his profession. He gives out an awful lot of sympathy and to keep young he should try and not be too good to others.

In order to stimulate and keep

young the emotional nature this receptive degree of the type should keep in touch with suffering humanity. The necessary stimulus for the mind would probably be found in the literature that deals with the ills of the body or the more mysterious recesses of the soul. Youthfulness for these people is conditioned not only in action, but in research and in helpful sympathy with those who suffer. It is a fine type—that is why I want it to stay young; and it stays young so long as it sends its own vibrations and receives in return the life-giving vibrations of humanity. Do as you please. Contradict everybody. Don't obey any one—not even your wife. Fight and be young.

TYPE NINE.

THIRD DEGREE: PASSIVE.

Do you belong here? I hope not. This passivist wants to fight but won't; wants to contradict his wife but don't;

wants to shoot the burglar but don't dare pull the trigger; wants to be a devil of a fellow but can't; and the deuce of it that without making the slightest effort he will go on living and being young in his passively pugnacious way. I do not think there is any special advice I can give him except: Boast, dear one, and be young; and he'll do that anyway.

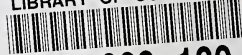
You have, I presume, looked through all these types and degrees of type in order to find yourself. If you have not found your type and sub-type—take this book to your dearest enemy and ask her where you belong. She knows. She'll tell you—perhaps.

THE END



THE COUNTRY LIFE PRESS
GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 022 009 180 6